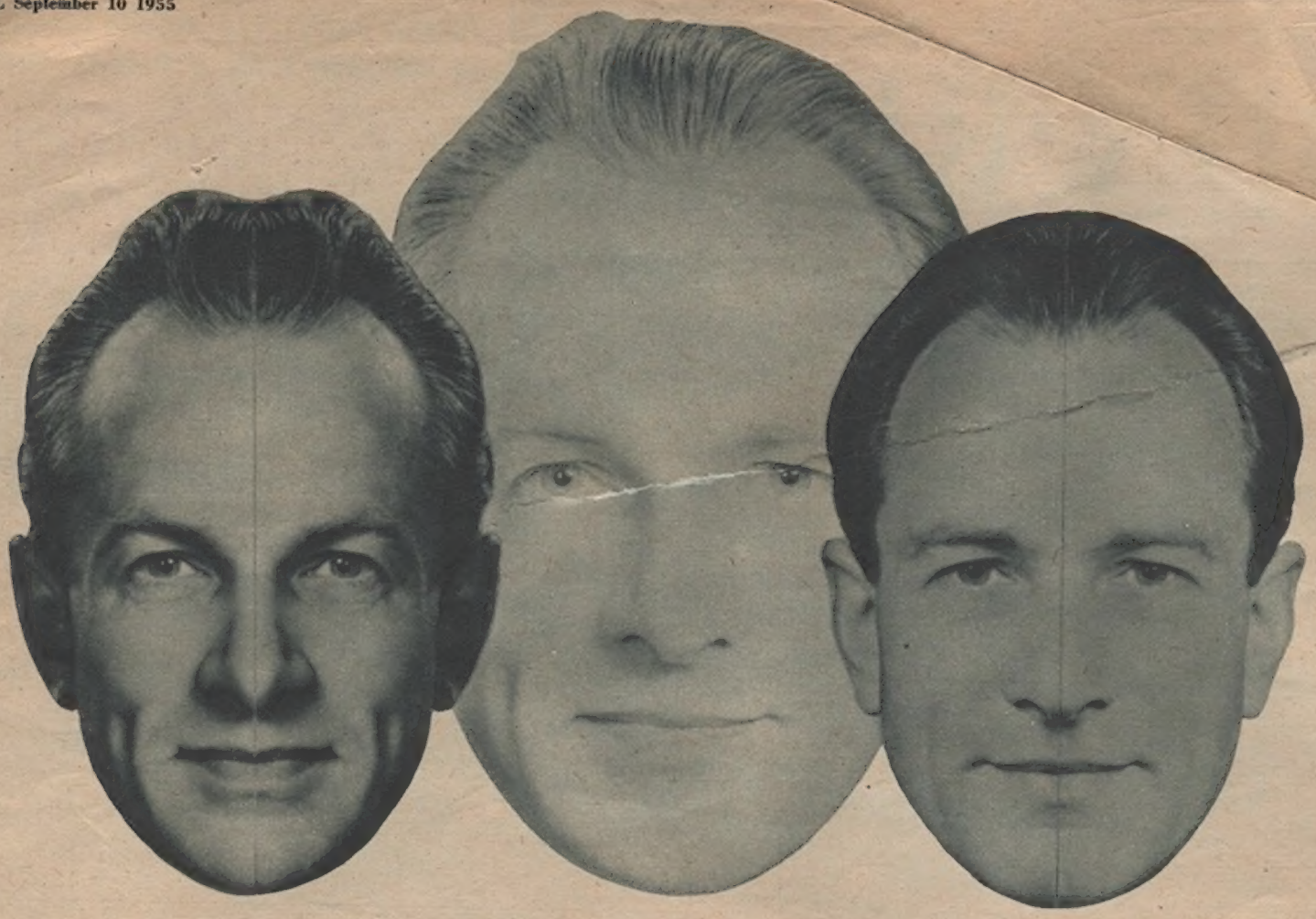
Week ending September 10 1955 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

Begins inside: The real-life adventures of a man who found a Chinese Shangri-la

FORGOTTEN KINGDOM

by Peter Goullart



Guess which is me!

They say the two halves of our faces show two sides of our characters. Uncomplicated people may have the two sides alike. My two sides are rather different. One side is the side that's a sheep, that wants to go with the crowd. The other is the real me, the individual. When I'm the sheep I'm inhibited, unhappy. When I'm *me*, and striking my own line, even little things give me a great "kick".

In smokes, for example, I like asking for "THREES" because they're not the crowd's choice. I like not having to pay more for them. Most of all I like the feeling that I've formed my own impression (it took me a week to "get" the extra enjoyment THREES hold for me), and that I've made my own choice. Smoke THREES for a week—they may be *your* smoke of a lifetime.

EXPLANATION

By a trick of the camera the same face can be composed of two left sides or of two right sides, instead of a left and a right as in nature. To the Physiognomist, these photographs shed an interesting sidelight on one's character.

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STATE EXPRESS

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EDITORIAL

World Fair 19—?

In 1955, the giant international trade fairs are booming. They are drawing four million people to Milan, three million to Paris, millions more to Lyons. Turkey gets two million at her fair at Smyrna; even Greece gets a million at Salonika.

Strasbourg, Barcelona, Trieste, Berlin, Hanover, Leipzig, Vienna, Ghent, Utrecht—these are just a few of the fairs that boost trade, bring in cosmopolitan crowds and spread goodwill between nations.

But Britain, the world's greatest trader, stays glumly aloof, the only nation in Europe, except Switzerland, with no international trade fair. Our only overseas effort this year opens in Copenhagen on September 29—and that will be a small exhibition of British goods.

The British Industries Fair is also confined to British goods. Its London half—light industries—bores the public and loses money. Its Birmingham half — heavy industries—pays its way but attracts customers rather than visitors.

MR. MISHA BLACK
"We must widen our sights"

It is not surprising, therefore, that many enterprising people are anxious to replace the B.I.F. with a super-trade fair open to the industries of all nations—or, if our timid industrialists will not co-operate, to run such a fair as well as the B.I.F.

Mr. Misha Black, architect and designer who planned much of the 1951 Festival of Britain, says: "Instead of widening our exhibition sights, we are becoming progressively more parochial, with the most successful shows limited to a single industry. Buyers and public flock to the great international fairs on the Continent—while the B.I.F. lacks the enthusiastic support even of British industry. Great Britain is dependent on overseas trade for her existence. It would seem as natural a venue for a regular trade fair as London is for world banking."

Launching a trade fair is costly. Some of the initial capital would have to be lent by the government, after it had given the bold imaginative lead which is needed to shake our industrialists into action.

The B.I.F. might well be turned into a rip-roaring, world-wide success by conversion into an international fair. It could be held at the Crystal Palace; two years ago an expert committee reported favourably on its possibilities as a site.

There is nothing to stop such an enterprise but the morbid terror of British exhibitors of encouraging foreign competition. Yet free-for-all trade fairs benefit everyone. If they did not, the other European countries would soon drop them.

For both prestige and profit Britain should step in —and take the lead.

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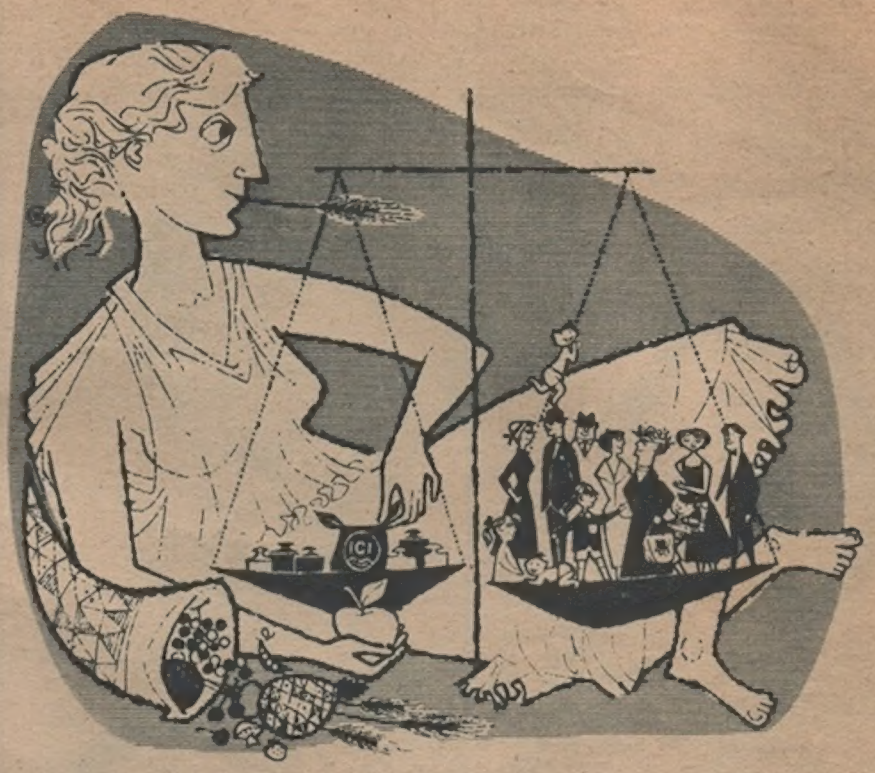

There are 51 million people in this country who weigh, altogether, more than 3 million tons. Every year they eat some 25 million tons of food — but how many ever stop to think where their daily bread comes from? Britain is, at present, producing

3,000,000 tons of people

only half its total food requirements. Land in this tight little island is limited and, to produce more, we must raise the yields on our existing pastures and arable land. To do this means using more fertilizers, for they will make crops grow richer and more abundantly. Fortunately, the British farmer can get all the fertilizers he wants — the chemical industry has seen to that. I.C.I. alone makes more than a million tons of chemical fertilizers a year, and that's enough not only to meet the demand for I.C.I. fertilizers at home, but also to maintain a substantial trade overseas. With its research facilities and modern fertilizer factories at Billingham and in other parts of the U.K., I.C.I. is ready to give the farmer every support.

Thus, and in a thousand kindred ways, I.C.I.'s research and production are serving the Nation.

ICI

Hovis

is the slice of life

It does your heart good, doesn't it, to see them so well and happy. But of course it doesn't just happen that way. Where there's a high-spirited healthy family, it's more than likely there's Hovis on the table—and not just sometimes, but regularly.

It's the wheatgerm* in Hovis that gives it that extra goodness and flavour. But if you're more concerned with what your family gets out of food than with what goes into it, then the energy and well-being that they'll get from eating Hovis regularly is all the proof you'll need that Hovis really is the slice of life.

***Wheatgerm is simply the heart of the wheat—the part from which, when the grain is sown, the new plant grows. Small though it is, the wheatgerm is not only the life of the wheat—it contains an extraordinarily high proportion of wheat's natural flavour and goodness. And Hovis contains 8 or 9 times extra wheatgerm—that's why it's so good and why it tastes so good.**

Have some Hovis

every day

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

SEPT. 10 1955 VOL. 98 NO. 2567 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Our Christian capital is running low

THE words "I'll have the law on you" once were reserved for crusty characters of fiction chasing poachers or adventurous children.

Today the tables are turned—and in real life, too. A man on my train threatened to use force because a fourteen-year-old boy refused to take his dirty shoes off the seats—and the youngster yelled: "My dad will have you up in court."

He probably would have done, successfully, for such is the crazy age in which we live that the legal niceties of trifling assaults appear to matter more than manners, consideration for others and a respect for elders.

Don't blame the children or their parents. Blame an entire society living on the dividends of nineteenth century Christianity and not caring enough to provide fresh capital.—J. BAXTER, Kingston.

TV Jungle

SOME houses have two TV aerials on one chimney stack, and with TV sales booming—476,000 sets were sold in the first six months of this year—soon there will be hardly a house without at least one unsightly aerial.

It is not generally known that more than one TV set can be worked off one aerial, which could supply a small block of houses and be provided, on municipal housing estates, by the housing department.

An aerial costs between £8 and £16 to buy and put up—a cost which could be cut by sharing. Also the beauty of the housetops would be preserved.—E. G. CARR, Hull.

Dial Express

IT is strange that in an age of radio communication the idea of putting passengers, isolated on long-distance

trains, in touch with the telephone service by short-wave radio, has not occurred to British Railways. This would be a big boon to busy business men.—W. SMITH, Ightham, Kent.

"We decided that the cost of the necessary staff would not be covered by the likely demands on such a service," says British Railways.

Mixed Salad

YOUR editorial "Appetizer" (JOHN BULL, August 13) may hold true for large hotels but certainly is not true of boarding houses.

Visitors I meet in a big holiday resort often tell me that the food is poor—or "very fair, but we don't get enough of it."

Blackpool is the only resort I know where the motto "feed the brutes" is faithfully practised.—F. SNELL, Christchurch, Hants.

. . . I know a young pastry cook who hiked and biked to Switzerland, sleeping on straw, to learn more about his trade. He arrived home penniless, but satisfied that the trip had been worthwhile.—F. WOOD, London, S.W.17.

. . . Britain may be showing the Continent how to cook, but I had to go to Copenhagen for a really good cup of tea.—JOYCE RANDS, Hull, Yorkshire.

Money's Worth

PEOPLE should not begrudge 1s. 6d. for parking on a beach ("Free Speech," August 13). Surely it is worth the extra 1s. to avoid having to find a place in a crowded car park. The rate-payers are entitled to some compensation for having seven thousand extra cars in their town—and incidentally many "L" drivers have practised on seafronts at quiet times.—J. W. WRIGHT, Farington, Preston.

Swan For Tea

A FULLY grown swan, Tommy, lives in a house near Selsey, in Sussex. Found on the shores of Pagham Harbour with a bad chill, Tommy was carried indoors by the daughter

of the house, and refused to leave. He knocks on the kitchen door for attention, and eats anything from grass mowings to kipper skins.—MRS. M. LITTLEDALE, Bournemouth, Hants.

Tricky Work

LIKE thousands of other mine-disposal men (JOHN BULL editorial, August 6) I saw the job through to the bitter end, losing many comrades and narrowly escaping death myself. Many of the mines recovered by special equipment were buried as deep as ten feet under shifting sand. But we never gave up, however difficult or dangerous the job.

Men could do no more than we did to clear our coastal beaches.—S. SMITH (ex-Royal Engineers), Blacon, Chester.

Our editorial demanded that the authorities should face the fact that dangerous mines still lurk on innocent-looking beaches, and still cause holiday tragedies.

Split Seconds

IT is time silly athletics records were ignored. How far can a person travel in .3 of a second, and what does it matter if a world record is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

HERMIONE GINGOLD

Queen Wasp of show business with a sting in her tongue

by JOHN HARMAN

1. Dundee Cake 2. Coconut Pyramids 3. Lemon Meringue Pie 4. Satin Creams

★
DUNDEE CAKE

10 oz. margarine, pinch of salt, ¾ level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, ¼ pint plus 2 tablespoonfuls water, 4 oz. mixed peel chopped, 4 oz. blanched almonds, 10 oz. plain flour, 1 large tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 8 oz. currants, 8 oz. sultanas, 2 oz. glacé cherries, finely grated rind of 1 orange and 2 lemons.

Chop cherries and ½ of blanched almonds, put with water, margarine, fruit, chopped peel, grated rinds and Nestlé's Condensed Milk in a saucepan. Bring to the boil stirring all the time, lower the heat and simmer for 3 minutes. Remove and cool. Sieve flour and salt into a mixing bowl. Add bicarbonate of soda to cooled fruit mixture and stir quickly. Add to the flour, etc., and mix quickly together. Put into an 8-inch tin lined with greaseproof, and brushed with margarine. Spread evenly. Put remaining halved almonds on the top. Bake 2¾ hours on middle shelf in slow oven 325°F. (mark 2). Cool for about 5 minutes in tin. Turn out on to wire tray. Half the ingredients as above may be used, baking in a 6-inch tin for 2 hours as directed above.

Simply delicious— deliciously simple

The successful cooks are those who make things easy for themselves. Here's a little secret that makes a vast improvement to all things cooked with milk and can often take the place of eggs. Make them with Nestlé's Milk. Nestlé's is the purest of country milk so perfectly blended that failure is almost impossible and even a beginner's efforts become fit for a banquet.

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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

clipped by this amount? The stop-watch is making athletes appear ridiculous.—G. MORRISON, Falkirk, Scotland.

The world record for a hundred yards is 9.3 seconds, which means that nine feet and nearly seven inches is covered in .3 of a second. But at the climax of a sprint an athlete may travel faster.

Tunnel Ticks

I FOUND Antony Ferry's article "Paul Stein's Quest For Atomic Treasure" (JOHN BULL, August 6) interesting. But as an amateur geologist I was puzzled that his geiger counter showed signs of radio-activity in the Underground tunnel beneath Trafalgar Square.

In the first thousand feet below London the strata lies conformably, with tertiary clays and gravels on top of chalk and greensands. I had no idea that radioactive minerals occurred in these rocks.—J. MACDONALD, Worthing, Sussex.

"They don't," says a geologist. "Materials used in the building of the tube tunnel may have caused the geiger counter to tick."

Winter Woodpile

ONE of the least enjoyable tasks in the countryside is chopping wood for the winter. Usually the weary chopper tosses a cover of sorts over the woodpile and leaves it at that. But in Sauerland, the mountainous

district south of the Ruhr in Germany, firewood is stacked in neat cairns, or in pagoda and box shapes, each with a beautifully fitted and presumably waterproof hood.—SGT. J. MURRAY, R.A.F. Hospital, Wegberg, B.A.O.R. 1.

Debagged

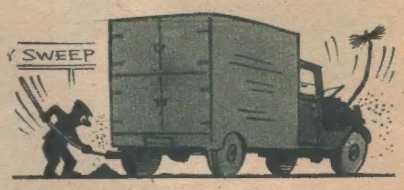
THE National Coal Board should bag coal at the pithead and supply it as a branded article in sealed bags, like cement or fertilizer. This would cut the cost to the public, merchants would not need to pay men to bag the coal, and a speedier delivery might result. The grade of the coal, and the name of the pit of origin, could be stamped on the bags.—H. W. CLARK, Rainham, Essex.

"Many pits produce one quality of coal," says the N.C.B. "Bagging it at the pit would complicate distribution, and there would always be the danger of short weight from bags in transit to the consumer."

Polluted Air

PUBLICITY given to the Clean Air Bill shows that its proposals relate only to chimneys, colliery spoilbanks, railway engines and ships. The increasing menace from diesel engines on the highway is overlooked.

From a long and careful observation of buses, coaches and heavy lorries I estimate that more than a



third of them emit noxious, oily and sooty fumes at ground level, due to the bad maintenance of the fuel-injection unit. London Transport, with its fleet of over five thousand buses and coaches, sets a bad example to other road users.

It is beyond belief that any member of the Beaver Committee could have failed to notice this aspect of pollution. The absence of any recommendation to the government is deplorable.—C. F. KNOX, Brownhill Road, London, S.E.6.

Motor vehicle owners must take "reasonable steps" and exercise "reasonable care" to ensure that exhausts do not emit fumes.

Helpful Gendarmes

ARRIVING in Paris without accommodation we asked the help of two motor-cycle police, who promptly escorted our car through the heavy traffic to Montparnasse.

After they had left us we made a wearying search of the district without success, and finally approached two more policemen, this time in a radio car. They asked us to wait, were gone for five minutes and then took us to a hotel which charged the price we wanted to pay. Paris police are wonderful.—G. S. COOPER, Wallington, Surrey.

Mad Biters

I FELT the same way as J. M. of Nairn about strict quarantine regulations ("Free Speech," August 13)—until I went to America.

A farmer I met in upper New York State said he had lost six cows, bitten by rabied foxes. Later, in California, I found an alarming rabies situation. The wild animals from the mountains, usually fairly harmless, were attacking domestic dogs and human beings.

So let our dogs "serve their time" and do us all a favour.—W. H. MATTHEWS, Sawbridgeworth, Herts.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

ON HOLIDAY, it's always the day to go home that dawns brightest. For the seaside's farewell, the sun is warmer, the beach more golden and the surf's frothy invitation more playful. No wonder that Mays's cover family has left the packing to Father—who has just struggled up from the beach with a trunkful of sand to build castles at home. Now, while he ponders on the jackdaw habits of travellers who double their luggage in a fortnight, the family memorizes the scene. And two very small boys are going home with revised plans for the future. As long as Saucy Sues need skippers, express trains and rockets to the moon will have to wait.

FOR EVERYONE–EVERYWHERE–CARPETS MAKE A HOME

Eunice Gayson chose a gay floral carpet to add colour and comfort to her Mayfair bedroom

Eunice Gayson, lovely young star of screen and television, has chosen a carpet with a floral design for the bedroom of her Mayfair flat. The delicate colouring of the carpet pattern complements her dark natural beauty, and gives an air of quiet luxury to this charming room.

This carpet is just one of the hundreds of designs your retailer can show you *now*. When making your choice, always look for the label of the Federation of British Carpet Manufacturers—then you *know* you are making a good investment and getting the best value for your money.

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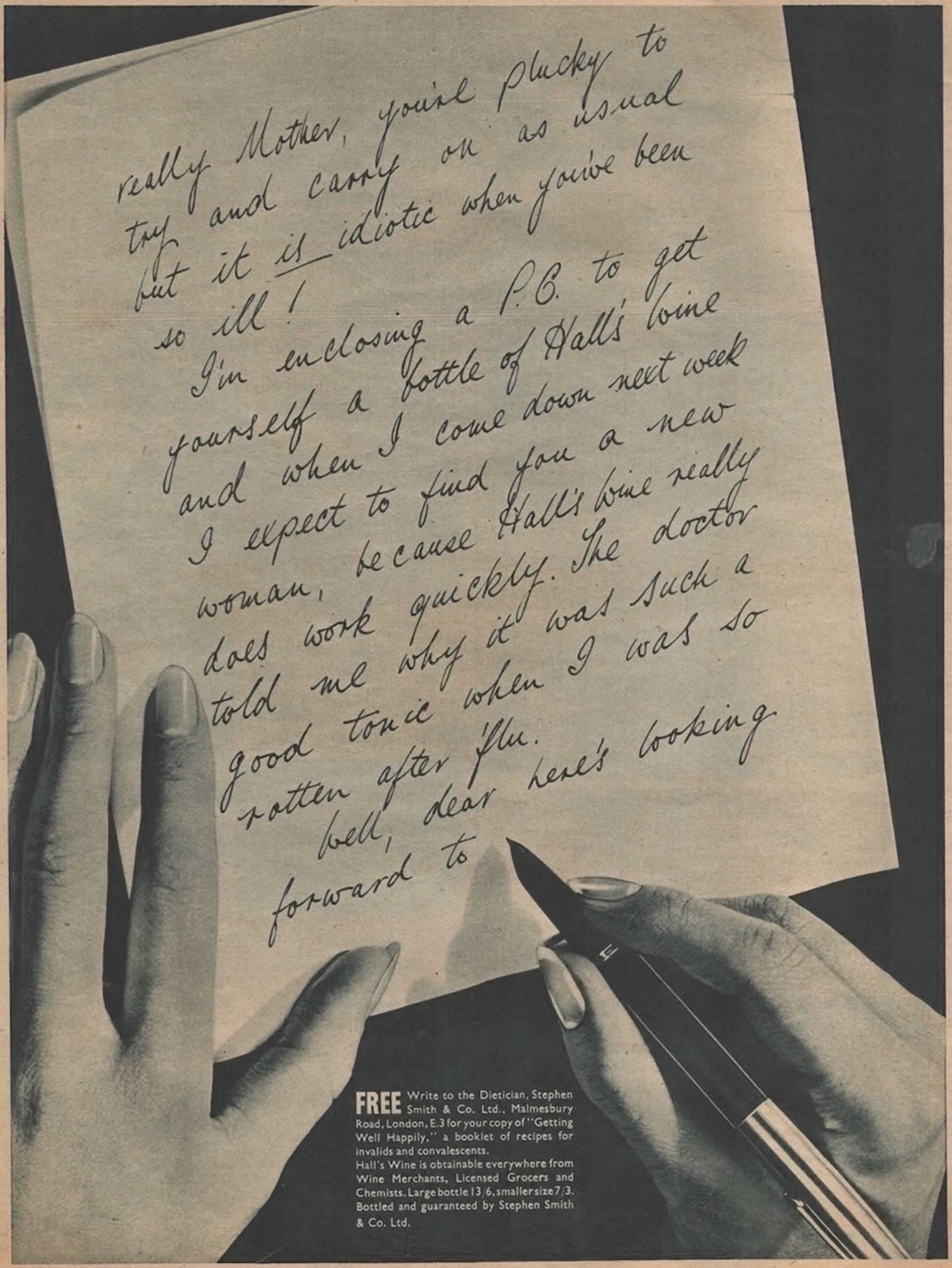
really Mother, you're plucky to
try and carry on as usual
but it is idiotic when you've been
so ill!
I'm enclosing a P.O. to get
yourself a bottle of Hall's Wine
and when I come down next week
I expect to find you a new
woman, because Hall's Wine really
does work quickly. The doctor
told me why it was such a
good tonic when I was so
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My wife Mary-Ellen

by ***SHEELAGH PARKER***

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SEABRIGHT

She was pretty and proud and she wanted me to avenge her. The Master had tried to flirt with her. He had to be taught a lesson

YOU MIGHT FAIRLY SAY the trouble started the night I refused Mary-Ellen the corpse. We'd finished our tea, I remember, and she was tidying up in the kitchen, when there was a knock on the door. I opened it to find daft old Willy Smith standing there. (An old fellow, he was, that used to do a bit of work for us whiles, when his head was clear enough.)

"I got it!" he said. "Tell the Missus I got it for her."

"What have you got now, Willy?" I asked. "Is it a rabbit then? Shall I take it?"

"No," he said, a bit uncertain, I thought. "No, she'll not want it; just tell her it'll bother her no more. I'll be getting along now, Mister."

He turned to go, and it was then that I saw just the tip of the creature's brush sticking out from under the flap of his pocket, and recognized the hot, unpleasant smell that had been bothering me since I opened the door.

"Willy!" I said. "You've killed a fox, you daft ould fool."

I must have raised my voice more than I intended, for the old man began to snivel like a child, and Mary-Ellen came out to see what was going on. The lamp was raised high in one hand and her bright hair was tied loosely back with a ribbon and tumbling all about her shoulders, the prettiest thing you ever saw.

"What's going on out here, Jamie?" she asked, puzzled. "What are you thinking of? You know well what'll happen if you shout at poor Willy like that. Come you in, Willy, now, and tell me your trouble."

"Trouble enough," I said sternly. "What's come over you, Willy, to bring in a fox, today of all days, with hounds up at the Hall in the morning?"

"A fox is it, then?" asked Mary-Ellen, and her eyes were very bright indeed in the light of the lamp. "Ah Willy, that's great! I never thought you'd be able. Is it the one that was after the hens last night? Just wait and I'll just fetch you the pie I promised."

And away with her into the larder, while old Willy fumbled in his ragged coat tail pocket and dragged out a fine big dog fox, which he threw on the floor.

THERE'S always something pitiful about a wild thing killed in the prime of its life, and the sight of it, and the calm way Mary-Ellen was behaving, stirred a rare temper in me.

I could just hold my tongue until she had the old man out of the house, and when she came back I was waiting for her, and the dead fox on the floor between us.

"In God's name, Mary-Ellen, what are you doing?" I said then, and in the little while we'd been married I'd never spoken to her so sharply before. "Are you out of your mind, girl? To kill a fox, just when hounds are coming here in the morning, and the Master counting on my word that we've a rare customer for him in the bottom covert. Do you want to shame me before them all, or what?"

"It's not you that will be shamed in the morning, Jamie," she said passionately. "If you were a man, now, you'd lock the two big iron gates, and string the dead fox to the middle of them, and leave it as a warning to him."

"So I would," I agreed. "And we'd be ruined the pair of us. Have you stopped to think for one minute who buys the oats and barley that we grow, and the young horses that we rear, and eats the meat that we sell? Where would the farm be with every man's hand in the hunt against us?"

"All you can think of is the farm," she said. "Do you never stop to think how I feel, shamed before them all like that at the dance? Ah, if only my brother Paddy were here now, or our Jack, they'd be after him right enough—and for less than that."

"Mary-Ellen!" I said. "Once and for all, will you please give over talking about what happened at that dance. So the Master kissed you without benefit of mistletoe! Girl, dear, have you never looked in your own mirror and thought what a relief it must have been to the poor man to see you standing there in your blue taffety with the white collar, after all the plain and misfortunate young ladies he had to flirt with the whole evening for the sake of the hunt?"

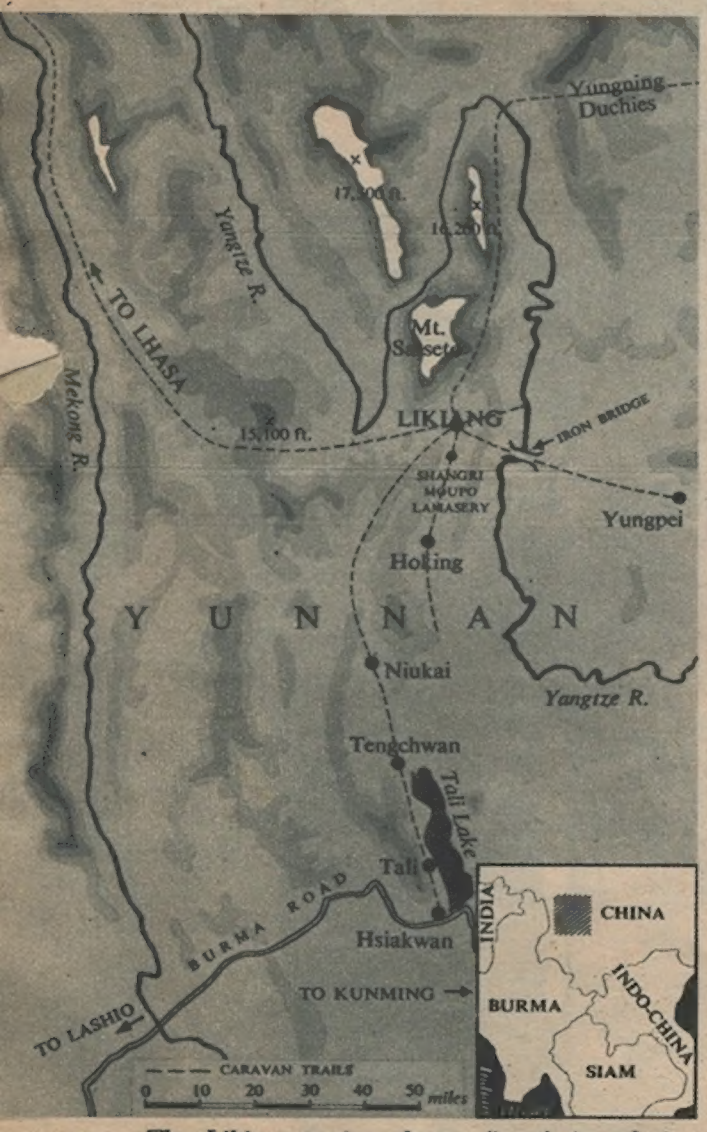
"Let the hunt look after itself, then," she said, "and let the Master keep his favours for the women that like them! I'm told he has a fine choice."

"Then keep what you hear to yourself," I

Continued on page 32

Willy rushed forward. "Call off the dogs," he shouted. "They're after the Missus"

Madame Lee at the bar of her exclusive wine shop. Any woman who had a drink there with a man had to remain standing—or risk a local scandal



The Likiang region shown (inset) in relation to south Asia. The Chinese called the town a no-man's-land lost in a sea of barbarous tribes

these brooks and the singing of the larks was music.

It was extremely difficult for a newcomer to Likiang to get a house to himself. I made it known that I must have a whole house for my office and myself. After some weeks I heard of a place, but when I discovered how low the rent was, I became suspicious. Discreet inquiries established the fact that the place was haunted. And more sinister particulars were whispered in my ear.

It appeared that the house had been a prosperous inn owned by an elderly widower. He had married the present owner, who was a notorious flirt. Evidently she had other ideas about married life, for in a couple of years the elderly man died in convulsions one night in a room on the ground floor. Weeping bitterly, the young widow assured people that he died of over-eating. But as he could not speak at all before he died, the neighbours had a different notion. They were sure that his death was caused by the classic local poison, the deadly black aconite boiled in oil.

Among other symptoms, the onset of this drug is marked by a paralysis of the larynx. In convulsions the victim can only stare frantically at his helpless friends without being able to speak a word. There is no known antidote.

With her small son, the young widow was left to enjoy her gain. The inn continued to do business, but its popularity declined. One night a weary traveller from Kunming stumbled into the inn. The enchantress cooked him a delicious meal and poured bowls of strong rice spirit. Flushed with wine, the man talked far into the night. He was retiring from his business, he said, and he had money; as a matter of fact, big money. It was in his saddle-bags.

The widow was very interested. He became amorous and she suggested a supper before retiring. She went into the kitchen and returned with a large bowl of delicious stewed pork heavily seasoned with chillies, warm *baba* (pancakes) and appetizing titbits. After the meal she escorted him to his apartment. Late next morning she appeared very agitated. She explained to neighbours that her guest was still in his room, and in spite of her repeated calls for breakfast there was no answer. They entered the room. The man lay there dead. There was an investigation, but nothing came of it.

As no one would take the house, my arrival was heaven-sent. I went to see the widow in her noodle-shop. She was standing over a stove with two enormous, cast-iron Chinese boilers, out of which she ladled greyish noodles into bowls for the customers sitting inside the shop. She was middle-aged and her face was an unhealthy greenish-grey colour. Her dress was filthy and the shop itself matched her sloppiness. But her eyes were remarkable—bold, roguish and full of cunning.

Although she was willing to get rid of the house at almost any price, her greed overcame her. She named an exorbitant rent and for one year only. I launched my counter-attack. I said I was a high government official and that if I wanted to, I could apply for a requisition order; then she would get nothing. Besides, I continued, the house was haunted and therefore useless to anyone else. But I did not mind staying there because I was a Taoist initiate with much experience in dealing with spirits. I could rid the house of its ghost.

I was surprised to see how quickly she climbed down. She was beaming. She told me that the idea of cleansing the house of ghosts was the best news she had heard for years. She herself proposed a very low rent, much less than I had expected.

I had the house cleaned and scrubbed. The central room where the victims had expired I made my general office. I partitioned the upper storey, facing the street, and turned it into my bedroom and private office.

From the house a short climb along the stone-paved road led to the red temple on top of the hill and to a wonderful view of the town. The square market place lay below, and there was a

sea of slate-grey roofs with glimpses of brightly coloured houses and temples.

The houses were two-storeyed, some with six or eight wings. Their stone-flagged patios were full of blossoms, for the local people loved flowers. Peonies were particularly venerated—there were certain exclusive gardens where they could be seen at their best; the enormous blooms were shaded by paper wrappers and, when enough had opened, a drinking party was organized by the owner in their honour.

This was the town that was to be my home for eight years. All my life I had dreamed of living in a Shangri-la, shut off from the world by its great mountains. I found it in Likiang.

The Orient is in my blood: I was born in Russia at the start of the century; my mother's family were merchants who for generations had ranged through Mongolia, Turkistan and Tibet. As a White Russian I escaped to Shanghai at the Communist Revolution, and worked as a guide for the American Express Company, taking parties of tourists all over the East.

IN 1939 I received an offer to join the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives. My first appointment turned me from an innocent greenhorn into a real Chinese official with all the cunning to combat the workings of the crooks in the government. My posting to Likiang had, I suspected, been arranged by my enemies in the hope of getting rid of me—I was being exiled to a place where it was hoped that my work would be a failure.

Yet I was filled with triumph, for it was in Likiang that I wanted to live, and I knew that I could start successful co-operatives there.

A huge signboard, beautifully written by a local gentleman-calligraphist, soon hung on our gate. We were open for business. Such quick action on our part impressed the town. Now I was free to devote myself entirely to the promotion of industrial co-operative societies. Of course everybody thought that from now on we should be sitting grandly behind our desks all day, expecting the prospective co-operators to call. Had we done this we might have been sitting with folded arms for years.

Instead, every morning, accompanied by one of the office clerks, I tramped to all the local wool-weaving factories we could find. Slowly and with infinite pains I tried to explain to the simple workpeople what co-operation meant and how they could enlarge their tiny factories, improve their products and become prosperous.

It was the women who were the first to understand the idea of co-operatives and appreciate the benefits they promised. They became our most active supporters. We did not know what they said or did to their husbands after our visits, but when we came again the men talked much more sense.

THE greatest event in the industrial life of Likiang was my introduction of the wool-spinning wheel. I had brought with me a model of the wheel which was used in Europe before the introduction of mechanization. It caused a sensation, probably as great as when the first chariot-wheel was invented. It was copied and re-copied and constructed, with and without variations, in hundreds.

In a few months the whole town was in a frenzy of wool spinning. Every shop had two or three whirring wheels at which the woman of the house and her daughters and sisters sat spinning while they waited for customers. Spinning wheels lined the streets and could be found by the dozen in the larger houses. Everybody, men, women and children, began to spin. Varieties of wool yarn, hitherto hardly seen on the market, were carried throughout the town in women's baskets.

All the unmarried girls now sat knitting the most fantastic and elaborate sweaters and pull-overs I have ever seen, for their sweethearts and for sale. Shops were piled with these sweaters, socks and stockings, some so fine and fluffy that they could be compared with the best from

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The route to Likiang from the south was the caravan trail into the Nanshan Mountains. Travellers hired armed guards to protect them from bandits who robbed, stripped and often killed their victims

Goullart's shoe-making co-operative made Likiang fashion conscious. Soon, even peasants bought Bond Street style shoes; then it became essential to have European trousers to wear with them

The Grains of Paradise

by ***JAMES STREET***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Never before, in all Mexico, had there been so fiery a contest. On it depended fortunes, glory—and a bride for Tio. I just dare not fail

THE GRAINS OF PARADISE are the seeds of little hot peppers, very hot; and this is a story about some fiery little peppers and some people in the village of Feliz, which is in the Mexican state of Tabasco, nine hundred miles from nowhere.

It was mid-afternoon when I got out of the bus at the hotel. The bus was painted purple and yellow, and bore the name Rosaura, painted in red. I am sure it was the name of the driver's sweetheart. In Feliz, everything was personalized.

An Indian was sleeping by the doorway. And his ox team was sleeping, hitched to a two-wheeled cart, and two or three dogs. Everything was sleeping. Nothing stirred in the high-mountain solitude of Feliz.

The hotel was cool inside, and shadowy, and the clerk opened his eyes when he heard my steps and greeted me sleepily in Spanish. I replied in Spanish, my very best Spanish, and that's pretty bad.

Quickly he was alert and spoke to me in English. His English was no better than my Spanish.

I signed the register, and he studied my signature and then he spoke it aloud, "Mr. Cordell Hoyle, Kingston, Jamaica."

For a second he hesitated, and looked up at me and down at my name, and I had the feeling he was going to ask me a question or make some comment, some pleasantry about the weather or the trip. But he didn't. He asked me if I'd had lunch, and when I told him I hadn't, he said that the kitchen was closed but that he'd arrange for me to have a snack after I'd washed.

My room had two windows. Out of one I could see the plaza of Feliz, empty at that hour and its trees drooping their somnolence. Out of the other I could see the church— the Church of the Tears of the Blessed Virgin—and beyond the church were the mountains, hovering high in desperate grandeur, heavy green for miles, then hazy blue in the sky.

It was these mountains that had brought me to Southern Mexico, down almost to where the country joins Guatemala. I worked for the West Indies College of Agriculture and for months I had bee in Tabasco and in the adjacent state of Chiapas, looking for a certain variety of corn to be used for experimental purposes. I hadn't found the corn and had come to Feliz to rest a day or two before returning home.

I washed the dust from my face and hands, and changed my shirt and went back to the lobby. The owner of the hotel was there. He was a paunchy man, glistening with sweat, and he, like the clerk, wore a moustache.

None of the Indians had moustaches, but the owner and the clerk were Ladinos and their moustaches were evidence of this classification, which is economic and not racial. A Ladino is a townsman, an owner of property, a Christian who follows Latin ways. He wears shoes, and never sandals, and always the moustache. He may be part Indian, a *mestizo*, but he is never all Indian.

The Indians profess Christianity, in a way, but really cling to their Mayan faith. Some own property in town, but not many. There is a caste barrier between the Ladinos and the Indians, and, again, this is economic and not racial.

The clerk introduced me to the owner, whose name I do not remember. The owner said that my lunch would be ready in a few minutes, and walked away. I leaned against the desk and lit a cigarette, and then I remembered my manners and offered one to the clerk. He accepted it gravely and with thanks.

"Have you been in the United States?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I have been in the United States," he said.

"Is that so? Where?"

"I went to school in the United States. For a year." He looked at the ash of his cigarette and tapped it off. "Mississippi," He glanced at me quickly, almost defiantly, as though he expected me to challenge him or laugh, or something.

"The university?" I asked.

"No." He was not quite sure of himself, even timid, and I wondered what the to-do was about and why the hesitation, and then he said, "At a place you never heard of, I'm sure. At Hattiesburg, Mississippi. There's a college there."

I laughed. "Hattiesburg! Well, now, that's something of a coincidence. I know Hattiesburg. My wife comes from there."

His smile was so bright and so warm that I began grinning. He reached out his hand and we shook.

"My name is Tio Felipe Ignacio de Fuestes. The people here call me Tio. This is not my village. I am of Merida, in Yucatan."

"Yucatan?"

"I was a tourist guide. To the ruins and places. I met a professor from Mississippi and he helped me. He was Professor Johnson. You know him maybe—Professor Johnson?"

I SAID I didn't, and looked in to the dining-room, where an Indian girl was putting my lunch on a table. She wore a brightly coloured blouse and her hand-woven skirt was tight around her thighs. She was barefooted and as graceful as a cat, and as noiseless.

The clerk came out from behind the desk and stood between me and the girl, and touched my arm to get my attention. "The people in this village will not believe I went to school in the United States."

"What's so strange about going to school in the United States? Lots of Mexicans do."

He shrugged that mean-anything gesture of Latins, with the hands out and the shoulders rising.

"Not to Hattiesburg, Mississippi, Mr. Hoyle. If I had told them New Orleans or Texas. Or Florida or California. But Hattiesburg, Mississippi——" He shrugged again. "Only a few strangers ever come to Feliz. From Los Angeles, New York—places like that. They have never heard of my college. Or of Hattiesburg. I ask them and they look at me and shake their heads, and the Ladinos laugh."

The Indian waitress had stepped back from my table and my lunch was ready, and so I told the fellow to send the scoffers to me and that I'd put them right, and I went into the dining-room.

A couple of greasy meat patties were on my

Tio and I walked around the plaza. We were puffing away at our cigars, and making sure that everyone saw us together

plate, and some shrivelled tomatoes. In a land that dripped exotic fruits, a land of fine peppers and black beans! Anyway, the coffee was good.

I was thinking of enchiladas and avocados, of thin tortillas spread with black-bean paste or mountain honey, and then the owner came in and pulled up a chair. The Indian girl brought him a cup of coffee. He sipped his brew noisily and wiped his moustache with his fingers.

"Tio——" He nodded towards the lobby. "Tio tells me you have been in Mississippi."

"That's right. In Hattiesburg. I know about the college where he went."

He was not impressed and he took another sip of coffee before turning back to me and asking: "There is a hotel in this place, this Hattiesburg?"

"Two or three, last time I was there." It was like playing a quiz game. "The largest one was the Forrest Hotel."

Now he was impressed, but tried not to show it. Even so, he was persistent. "Tio says there is a railway station in this place."

"Three, last time I was there." I didn't like the owner particularly, and thought it was about time to dress him down.

I pushed my empty coffee cup away and lit a cigarette. "Your clerk says he has been to college in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. He has. I will bet a hundred pesos to ten pesos that he has."

I have never seen a Latin-American who wouldn't cover a bet if he had the slightest outside chance of winning.

"A hundred to ten," I repeated, and loud enough for the Indian waitress to hear.

The owner drained his cup and got up. "I never bet with strangers. Have some more coffee, Mr. Hoyle, but you will excuse me, please."

He left me and walked out into the afternoon, and I knew he was going to spread the news that Tio really had been to college.

Tio waited until the boss was safely away, and came to my table and sat down, and the waitress brought him coffee. She smiled at him, a quick sly little smile of triumph shared.

"You have done me a gracious service, Mr. Hoyle." He offered me a cigarette.

"That's more than you've done for me." I

nodded toward the food that I hadn't touched. "Is this the sort of stuff you eat?"

Tio was surprised. "I thought you would approve. I told them about the hamburgers. In Hattiesburg—hamburgers. Day and night, hamburgers."

"In Mexico I like Mexican food. Good hot Mexican food, red-hot."

"Oh?" Tio was delighted and proud. "You say?"

"Have you got any tortillas?" I asked him. "And some good bean paste? And some hot peppers?"

Tio clapped his hands like a proprietor, and the waitress came running, and he spoke to her so rapidly that I caught none of what he said, and she, too, was proud and hurried back to the kitchen.

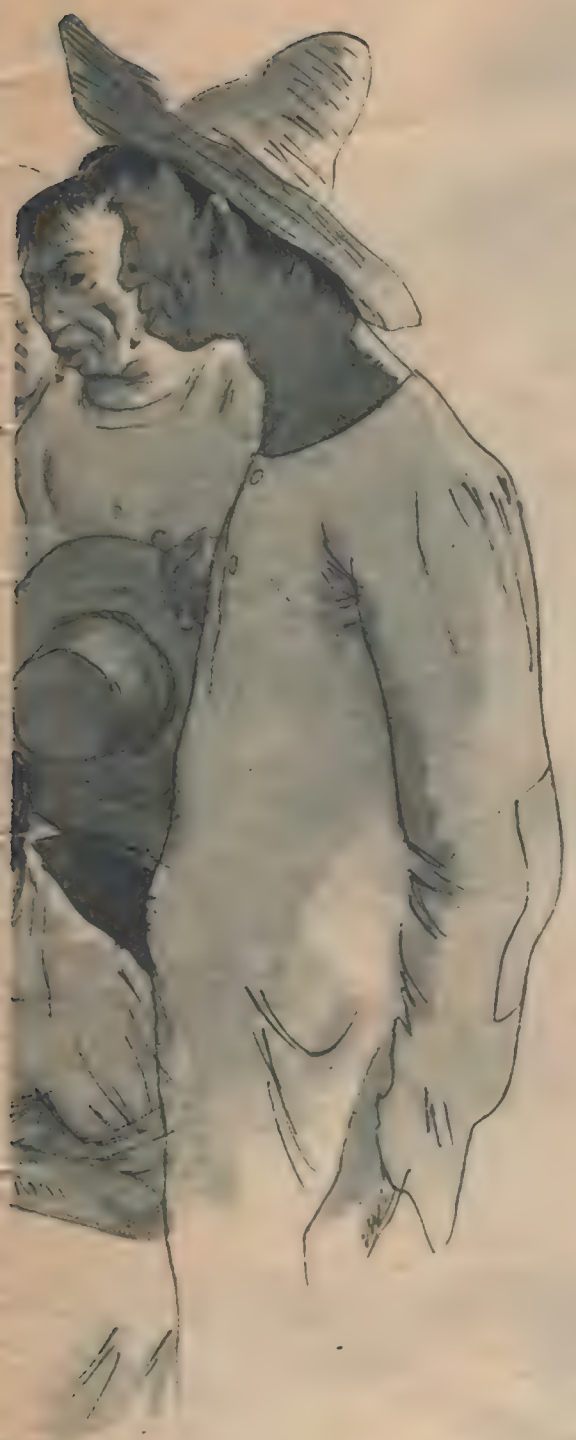
Tio leaned back in his chair and blew smoke toward the ceiling, like a man suddenly sure of himself, like a bantam cockerel that had found his way around the barnyard. "It is the food of the land, my friend."

The tortillas were thin and the bean paste was spicy and without lumps. The peppers, however, weren't much. No authority. Long red peppers that had been dried so long that their kick was gone. I recognized them immediately as Ashanti, the dried fruit of *Piper Clusii*. I picked up one and tasted it, and to me it was almost bland. "Be careful," Tio cautioned me. "They are hot."

"Hot? Those things?" I tossed the pepper back into the dish and took a long swallow of beer. "They are for children. For nursing children."

"They do not burn?" Tio's cigarette was almost to his fingers and he seemed not to notice it. "There is no sweat? No fire in the belly?"

"Listen, my friend," I said, and I picked up another of the long, red peppers and tore it open and tasted the seeds inside, and they were mild. That is, to me they were mild. "Listen, my friend. I'm a hot-pepper man. And when I say



Everything was set once more, and we chose our peppers. These were the yellow ones, and they were really hot

hot-pepper man, I mean *hot*-pepper man."

Tio clapped his hands again and spoke to the Indian girl, and she quickly was back with a little bowl of *furias*. Nice and fat and greenish yellow. They had been steeped in vinegar, though, and much of the sting was out. Still, they had some authority, unless you happen to be a hot-pepper man like me. I took two of them in one bite, and the waitress actually gaped at me, and turned and ran back to the kitchen.

Tio was fascinated. "You do not sweat. Or grab for beer, or blow your breath out hard. This is a thing, my friend. Those are *furias*."

"For growing boys," I said.

The Indian girl had come back to the doorway of the dining-room, and three or four other Indians were with her, and they were watching me. Tio waved his hand and she ran and fetched a bottle of beer for him.

"Bring two more," he said. "And one for Manuel in the kitchen, and one for Ricardo in the garden. For Pablo and Pedro."

The hotel was as gay as a *cantina*. The Indians beamed and the chef gave the waitress a pat when she passed by him. Tio went to the desk and took two cigars from the owner's private box, and we lit up.

Then he said, "So you like Mexican food. And hot peppers. You will come with me, my friend. I take you to the place of Hilario Villareal."

We crossed over to the plaza and walked around it twice. He was puffing his cigar and making sure that everybody in the plaza saw us together. He led the way into a *cantina* and ordered two more beers. A radio was limping a scratchy melody, and Tio spoke up so all could hear.

"In Hattiesburg, my friends called me Chili. I didn't mind. You know how it is up there. Always the nickname."

"Always the nickname," I said firmly. "All right, Chili. My friends call me Pete."

"Pete," he said. "All right Pete. Now we go to the place of Hilario Villareal. Me and you."

We walked on, and again he was silent, this time for several minutes. At last he said, "Hilario Villareal grows his own peppers and has a secret. He wet-rots leaves for his plants and grows them on a south slope that is sheltered on three sides. And in the dry season he waters them from a bucket. I tell you to have respect for his peppers. His soil is very sour and his peppers are very hot."

It meant only that the Indian understood prevailing winds, that he used acid soil, humus and controlled moisture.

I nodded.

He said: "Hilario Villareal is very proud. He is an Indian and does not like Ladinos. Particularly, he does not like me. He thinks I am a big mouth."

"About Hattiesburg?"

"Yes. He thinks I am a man of guile."

"What do you care?"

"Hilario Villareal has a daughter. Her name is Nena."

So that was it: a Ladino, an Indian girl and her father, who didn't like Ladinos. There was nothing for me to say, and besides, I was hungry.

And then we were at Villareal's place. Like the hotel, it was on a corner and several Indians were loafing around the door, and we made our way inside, and there was Hilario Villareal, Indian-faced and grave and with all the dignity of the Mayan, the unchanged. And there was Nena.

She and her father saw us come in, and her father glanced her way and at once she walked out, across the patio towards the family's quarters.

I didn't get a good look at her, but what I got was very pleasant.

Tio stepped to the counter and bought a little black cigar.

I went over and sat at a table, and Tio said to the proprietor: "He is my friend. He has been to Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where I went to school, as you know."

Hilario did not even give him the courtesy of a reply.

He was a heavy man, very heavy, for an Indian, and, although standing, he folded his hands across his stomach and looked disdainfully away from Tio. Several Indians drifted in and stood around, looking at me and at Tio, but mostly at me.

Then Hilario came over to my table, and

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

A magnificent long complete story by

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ACCLAIMED as one of Britain's finest novelists, Phyllis Bentley has returned again and again to Yorkshire for the setting of her best-loved books. Hers is the world of *Wuthering Heights*—a world of dour, passionate people living their lives against a harsh and desolate background.

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THIS IS a fierce, dramatic tale of mystery and romance . . . the story of Thomas Archibald, a handsome young doctor, earnest, clever, idealistic, who settles in the village of Whinhead in the late 1850s.

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COVERED WITH CADBURY'S 'DAIRY MILK' CHOCOLATE—*that's the difference!*

At Shelsley Walsh, Wharton pilots his E.R.A. out of a corner. He started hill-climbing because he "didn't think much of the so-called experts"

Forty seconds to the top

by DAVID MILLWOOD

Ken Wharton is the champion stormer of the hill-climbs. He takes them at full speed—and there's no time for mistakes

A LENGTH OF RUBBER TUBE flapped against the side of the sleek little Cooper racing car as it skidded and bounced up the track, at times with all four wheels off the ground. Behind the wheel, Ken Wharton, one of Britain's top racing drivers, fought to keep the car on the steep, winding course—and one end of the tube between his lips.

On his first run up the hill, an hour before, the Cooper's 1,000-c.c. J.A.P. engine had spluttered and died at every left-hand bend. Wharton had diagnosed the trouble as petrol starvation—centrifugal force was preventing the flow of fuel from the tank to the engine. His impromptu solution was to make his second attempt with a rubber tube running from the cockpit to the tank, and to blow hard at every other bend.

With sweat running down his face and his cheeks puffed out like sails, he swung the car round the last bend, put on a final burst of speed to the finishing line and pulled up, limp, breathless and victorious. He had made the fastest time of the day.

A blunt, thick-skinned midlander, Wharton has a reputation as Britain's most versatile driver. Wearing a bright-yellow T-shirt and driving anything from a mass-produced baby saloon to a 180 m.p.h. racing car, he competes all the year round in most types of motor sport in Britain and on the Continent.

In five days last year he travelled over two thousand miles by plane and car to drive in three major events and win more than £400 prize money.

At hill-climbing, a sport in which spills are part of the attraction, he has become, without a single crash, the acknowledged expert.

"In a race," says Wharton, "you can afford to make three hundred mistakes and still win. Make one mistake on a hill climb and you can say goodbye to the prize money."

Although it did not affect his winning time, a mistake on one climb almost cost him his life. After crossing the finishing line at speed, he went straight through a barbed-wire fence into a ploughed field.

"If I had not ducked in time I would have been decapitated. As it was, a strand of wire took most of the skin off my back."

By making fewer errors than his rivals and pushing his cars to the limit, Wharton holds the record for each of the six major hill climbs in Britain and, for several years running, the title of national hill-climb champion.

A bachelor of thirty-nine, Wharton looks like a prosperous business man—which he is. Apart from winning hundreds of pounds in prize money each year as a racing driver, he runs two garages at Smethwick, near Birmingham. He lives as he drives—at top speed. A buckled steering wheel over his office door is a memento of his three years as a driver of the B.R.M.—the ill-fated British car—and the time he crashed at 140 m.p.h. He is still being treated for burns he received when his Vanwall crashed and burst into flames at Silverstone last May.

Wharton is not typical of the majority of hill climbers: they are mostly weekend sportsmen who do not expect to show a profit. Wharton does. In this country he may win £100 for

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The Master bowed, his eyes on Mary-Ellen. "It's cruel of you, O'Halloran," he said, "to keep such a lovely creature shut up in your house"

My wife Mary-Ellen

by ***SHEELAGH PARKER***

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SEABRIGHT

She was pretty and proud and she wanted me to avenge her. The Master had tried to flirt with her. He had to be taught a lesson

YOU MIGHT FAIRLY SAY the trouble started the night I refused Mary-Ellen the corpse. We'd finished our tea, I remember, and she was tidying up in the kitchen, when there was a knock on the door. I opened it to find daft old Willy Smith standing there. (An old fellow, he was, that used to do a bit of work for us whiles, when his head was clear enough.)

"I got it!" he said. "Tell the Missus I got it for her."

"What have you got now, Willy?" I asked. "Is it a rabbit then? Shall I take it?"

"No," he said, a bit uncertain, I thought. "No, she'll not want it; just tell her it'll bother her no more. I'll be getting along now, Mister."

He turned to go, and it was then that I saw just the tip of the creature's brush sticking out from under the flap of his pocket, and recognized the hot, unpleasant smell that had been bothering me since I opened the door.

"Willy!" I said. "You've killed a fox, you daft ould fool."

I must have raised my voice more than I intended, for the old man began to snivel like a child, and Mary-Ellen came out to see what was going on. The lamp was raised high in one hand and her bright hair was tied loosely back with a ribbon and tumbling all about her shoulders, the prettiest thing you ever saw.

"What's going on out here, Jamie?" she asked, puzzled. "What are you thinking of? You know well what'll happen if you shout at poor Willy like that. Come you in, Willy, now, and tell me your trouble."

"Trouble enough," I said sternly. "What's come over you, Willy, to bring in a fox, today of all days, with hounds up at the Hall in the morning?"

"A fox is it, then?" asked Mary-Ellen, and her eyes were very bright indeed in the light of the lamp. "Ah Willy, that's great! I never thought you'd be able. Is it the one that was after the hens last night? Just wait and I'll just fetch you the pie I promised."

And away with her into the larder, while old Willy fumbled in his ragged coat tail pocket and dragged out a fine big dog fox, which he threw on the floor.

THERE'S always something pitiful about a wild thing killed in the prime of its life, and the sight of it, and the calm way Mary-Ellen was behaving, stirred a rare temper in me.

I could just hold my tongue until she had the old man out of the house, and when she came back I was waiting for her, and the dead fox on the floor between us.

"In God's name, Mary-Ellen, what are you doing?" I said then, and in the little while we'd been married I'd never spoken to her so sharply before. "Are you out of your mind, girl? To kill a fox, just when hounds are coming here in the morning, and the Master counting on my word that we've a rare customer for him in the bottom covert. Do you want to shame me before them all, or what?"

"It's not you that will be shamed in the morning, Jamie," she said passionately. "If you were a man, now, you'd lock the two big iron gates, and string the dead fox to the middle of them, and leave it as a warning to him."

"So I would," I agreed. "And we'd be ruined the pair of us. Have you stopped to think for one minute who buys the oats and barley that we grow, and the young horses that we rear, and eats the meat that we sell? Where would the farm be with every man's hand in the hunt against us?"

"All you can think of is the farm," she said. "Do you never stop to think how I feel, shamed before them all like that at the dance? Ah, if only my brother Paddy were here now, or our Jack, they'd be after him right enough—and for less than that."

"Mary-Ellen!" I said. "Once and for all, will you please give over talking about what happened at that dance. So the Master kissed you without benefit of mistletoe! Girl, dear, have you never looked in your own mirror and thought what a relief it must have been to the poor man to see you standing there in your blue taffety with the white collar, after all the plain and misfortunate young ladies he had to flirt with the whole evening for the sake of the hunt?"

"Let the hunt look after itself, then," she said, "and let the Master keep his favours for the women that like them! I'm told he has a fine choice."

"Then keep what you hear to yourself," I

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Willy rushed forward. "Call off the dogs," he shouted. "They're after the Missus"

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CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD

From the churches, mosques and police stations of Cyprus fly the warring symbols of an island in turmoil. A fourth, the Red flag, is furled—for the moment. Harry Hopkins's third article on the Near East

The challenge of three flags

by HARRY HOPKINS

FROM THE STATELY RUIN of Bellapais Abbey, perched high on its mountainside above Kyrenia, one could look down clear over the north shore of the island—a bright green carpet, richly patterned with trees, and dropping away after a mile or two, on its outer edge, into the blue of the sea.

Andreas Mavrommatis pointed over to the east. "That's Ayios Amvrosios down there."

Following the direction of his arm I made out in the distance a cluster of tiny white blocks sharply picked out, in the sunlight, against the green. Ayios Amvrosios—the village of St. Ambrose — certainly seemed idyllically situated. It lay on the seaward edge of this narrow, fertile shelf between the mountain range and the Mediterranean, just a few miles from where the island dissolves into that curious elongated tail on which, in winter, clouds of small birds descend to be profitably snared on limed sticks cunningly placed by the locals.

From Kyrenia—an enclave of desiccated ex-empire builders and their wives, tottering briskly beneath Crusader castle walls—our road pursued a sinuous course along the coast, winding through the endless silver-grey olive groves, snaking up and down the sides of the valleys that run down to the sea, their rocky sides studded with the dark shapes of the carobs, the "locust bean" tree; the "black gold" of Cyprus.

There was one odd thing, vaguely troubling. Few villages were to be seen along the road. The countryside seemed almost empty.

"Oh, there are villages all right," said Mavrommatis. "Only you can't see them from here. They're out of sight, along side roads, up on the mountainsides. The people built them like that to be out of the way of marauding invaders. It's the same all over Cyprus."

Andreas Mavrommatis — an officer in the island's flourishing Department of Co-operative Development—was a man who knew his villages. He had been on a study tour in England, and as we drove along through the endless olive groves he talked of Loughborough, and Balloon Street, Manchester, the C.W.S. headquarters—and of the social revolution which the co-operative movement is bringing to the villages of Cyprus.

In Cyprus until recent years, he said, the peasant had been a virtual serf, bound in heavy fetters of debt to the village moneylender. There would be two or three of these moneylenders, often the biggest landowners, in each village. The farmers, needing to live till their harvest was gathered in, would in the absence of all other forms of credit be obliged to go to them for loans. And the money was always there—at

Co-operatives, in everything from stores to olive presses, have changed village life. Peasants are no longer serfs, in constant debt to moneylenders

All Cypriot villages have their beehive-shaped ovens in which housewives make their bread. Custom demands that passers-by should sample the fare

Papa Andreas, white bearded priest of Ayios Amvrosios, discusses Enosis says. "It is like a marriage in which the man and woman are no longer

interest rates of forty per cent and more. Often the local moneylender was also the local grain merchant, taking the crop in discharge of the debt. Often he would also own the village olive press and flour mill. Thus he would be able to milk the village of a multiple profit, while the peasants remained largely in his power. This indeed is how the wealthy class of Cyprus was formed.

But these days things are different. A large part of the moneylending plutocracy has retreated to the towns; and in the villages the co-operatives have taken over—co-operatives run by the villagers themselves. In Ayios Amvrosios, where we were going, there are no less than five co-ops—an olive growers' co-op, with its own oil press, a transport co-op, an apricot-marketing co-op, a credit society—and a retail store.

It had, nevertheless, said Mavrommatis, been a hard battle. Since the government would not provide funds, the pioneer societies had been forced to borrow on unlimited liability from the banks. But they had won through. Now there are something like 750 societies in the island covering activities ranging from bicycle repairing to silkworm-egg producing. They embrace almost the entire rural population. Credit granted by them in the year 1953 totalled £2 million.

I myself had already seen at Limassol the big distilleries, bottling plants and laboratories of S.O.D.A.P., the wine-growers co-operative which successfully produces Cyprus brandies and wine in competition with "private enterprise." And at Limassol also there is the Co-operative Carob Marketing Federation which processes and sells one-third of Cyprus's total carob crop—the island's biggest single agricultural export.

Pale mauve spikes of asphodel, the Cyprus flower, crowded each other along the roadsides. Beyond, to the north, the Pentadaktylos peaks thrust up their five craggy melodramatic fingers. An old man in a black *vrake* came down the road towards us, leading a donkey with a wooden plough roped to its back. The long rough pole handle of the plough stuck out behind. If there wasn't some rain, said Mavrommatis, it would go hard indeed with the crops this year. "In England," he said, "you talk about saving up for a rainy day. In Cyprus we put it differently. We talk about saving up for a non-rainy day!"

Ayios Amvrosios, like the other villages, lay out of sight, off the main road. We had to climb a steep dirt side road to reach it. A village of four hundred families, it is spread along four or five long, narrow, straggling streets, walled in by stone houses which are plastered over and whitewashed every Easter.

We halted at a house with some wooden steps up the outside—the office of the Apricot Growers' Co-operative. We went up the wooden steps and found Andreas Georghiou, the apricot growers' secretary, going over some figures with an old villager. It seemed that next day was to be paying-out day—for the crop had just been sold to Manuel Uttigian, the village's Armenian apricot-drier. Slogans in Greek lettering hung on the walls: "The Co-operative Society Belongs to All Its Members" and so on.

"We will go to the club," said Andreas Georghiou, closing his ledger.

Police Fly The Union Jack

The club was the usual rather dingy Cyprus coffee shop, a large room casually scattered with tables and those square squat Cyprus chairs. There was a photograph of the village football team on the wall, and above, from all sides of the room, yellowing prints of the heroes and martyrs of the Greek Liberation War of 1821, magnificent romantic figures, mustachioed and sword-girt, gazed down upon us.

The club occupied a central position in the village. There was a sort of small terrace outside from which one could look across to the immense church—one of the largest on the island—and the ancient mulberry tree where the villagers found shade in summer. Somewhere beyond the church—a faintly incongruous note—the Union Jack floated. That was the village police station.

Sitting on the club terrace, sipping little cups of thick Turkish coffee, I met the village personalities—the mukhtar or headman, his brass badge of office in his lapel, the other co-operative secretary, Michael Andreas—many Cyprus villagers possess no surnames — and Costas Kyradjis, "the American."

Kyradjis, who quite naturally became the interpreter of the party, had emigrated from Ayios Amvrosios as a youth of seventeen, and, graduating in the approved manner from dish-washing to the position of chef, had travelled far and wide over the United States. It was some years now since he had returned to settle down again in his native village. But he still received and read the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*. He also ran a large black Buick.

His father-in-law had owned three thousand donums (one thousand acres) of land in the village, and he himself with a thousand donums was by way of being the village's leading capitalist. But lately the co-ops had been moving in. The takings of his two village stores had plummeted, so he'd shut them down, just as the private wine press had already been shut down. Now he declared himself a convinced supporter of the co-operative principle.

This state of co-existence had not, however, been reached without a certain amount of heart-burning. There was, for instance, the battle of the buses. In the days before the co-op the American's bus had made the run into Nicosia at a fare of six shillings a head. When the transport co-op had started up, with three buses, it had set a fare of four shillings into Nicosia. The American had retorted with a cut to two shillings. At which, the transport co-op, unable to lose its members' money, had taken off its buses. But it did not sell them: it just kept them in the garage, biding its time. When the "private enterprise" bus fare went to five shillings out popped the co-op buses again, with a fare of four shillings. And so finally a truce was arrived at. The transport society would run one bus; "the American" would run the other. As for the villagers, they would get a better service than before at a lower price.

Together, Andreas Georghiou, Michael Andreas, the American and I set off on a stroll around the village. We looked in at the co-operative mill where men and women were busy weighing and bagging the ground flour; we stopped at the little co-op store, the newest venture, where a young housewife and an eighty-five year old shepherd were buying their groceries.

And everywhere one went one heard the sound of running water, rippling along, below, in the irrigation channels. For Ayios Amvrosios is a

with villagers. "We are not anti-English," he in love. It is better that the bonds be severed"

Costas Kyradjis, nicknamed "the American" after living in the United States, was Hopkins's interpreter. He was once a wealthy capitalist. Now he is a keen supporter of the co-operatives

fortunate village: drought, the bane of most Cyprus villages, troubled its people little. There are fifty-eight springs in and around the village. Yet, for all that, the village enjoys a modest prosperity—the average farm income is not much more than £150 a year—which is a good deal less than a building worker gets in the towns.

We passed four or five middle-aged women, gossiping beside a house wall. Their hands were engaged all the time in some mysterious operation, pulling something up and down, like a yo-yo. Then they showed me what they were doing: they were teasing out silkworm cocoons, winding the fine threads on to spindles. It is a sparetime occupation occupying the women's fingers all day long all over the village. For in Ayios Amvrosios, as in many other Cyprus villages, silkworm breeding and silk spinning is a minor cottage industry.

The village indeed, as Costas Kyradjis pointed out, had quite a number of ways of eking out its income. The sea was just below, and there were five boats and shoals of sardines to be netted. There are the blue fish, which go for the silkworm grubs from the cocoons. And from November to February there is the strange business of snaring small birds by the thousand.

Everyone in Ayios Amvrosios, said Kyradjis, has his "sticky sticks." The men who really go in for the business are by way of being specialists. But when a really big flock of birds comes along the whole village will be off to their perching grounds, from the ten-year-olds to the eighty-year-olds, planting their lime sticks in likely bushes.

But this, it seemed, had been a bad season—for the myrtle bush, on which the birds feed and perch, had done poorly. So instead of making £1,000 or so from its catch of "beccaficos"—esteemed a delicacy in Greece, Turkey and Cyprus itself—the village would do well to make £20.

We wandered on through the gnarled old olive trees—three hundred years old some of them but still yielding their harvest—past the orchards of apricots and almonds and apples. The houses were scattered among the trees. And outside each of them there was the enormous mud "beehive" that was the oven. You lit a wood fire inside till the oven got hot, then scraped out the fire, put in your baking, and closed the hole with a stone. At one house a woman was just taking out her morning's baking — pumpkin pasties and big flat round loaves of bread, bringing them out on a long-handled shovel. She broke a piece off one of the loaves and gave it us to eat. Such is the island's hospitable custom.

Social security plans, promised for years by the Administration, have been neatly forestalled by the Communist-led unions. In Nicosia they have built a clinic—one of several they run

Goats Wrecked Countryside

The village school, a long low white building, was high on the hillside, above the village, on the edge of the pine forest. As we turned to follow the path that straggles up towards it, a couple of goats, tethered on a patch of grass outside a house, bleated their vigorous protest. Ayios Amvrosios had voted to cut down its goats to three per household—and to keep those three tethered. For goats, which once swarmed over the island in large numbers, are great destroyers of trees. They had eaten up whole forests, denuding the landscape and bringing on serious erosion. Now the Forestry Department in one way or another is fighting back, licensing some goatherds, finding jobs for others as forest guards, and so on.

As we climbed, the ground grew stonier, but still the carob trees flourished, driving their roots deep down into the earth, cracking the rock in their way. Next to olives, the carobs—bearing sugar-rich locust beans, processed for cattle-food—are the village's best crop. The

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SEA-WYF AND BISCUIT

by J. M. SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

For twelve years he had tried to forget. Now this letter had arrived—from the man he killed

FOR SEA-WYF, BISCUIT AND BULLDOG, the worst moment had come. As survivors from a torpedoed ship, they were clinging precariously to life on a raft in the Indian Ocean. The weeks of hardship they had already faced were bad enough. But now murder had been committed. . . .

Number Four, the one-legged mulatto who had been their companion, was dead—pushed away from the raft by Bulldog. There had been endless trouble with him. Bulldog had tried to assume superiority over him, and Number Four had resented it. The flashpoint came when the mulatto began pestering Sea-Wyf. . . .

On the raft, the castaways referred to each other by nicknames. Only Number Four, who had been purser of their ship, had known their true identities. Biscuit, who had become infatuated with Sea-Wyf, had tried to find out her real name, but she had always refused to tell him.

Nine years later, long after their rescue, he was still trying. He inserted a series of appeals in the personal column of a daily newspaper, asking her to meet him.

I read those appeals, and grew interested. As a writer, I felt that there must be a good story behind them. I succeeded in tracing Bulldog and Biscuit, and now, in Bulldog's Scottish castle, I was hearing of the fourteen weeks which the survivors had spent before they were rescued.

Sea-Wyf had been invited to join us at the castle, but she had not appeared. So Bulldog and Biscuit were telling me the story as they knew it. They had not yet reached the end . . .

. . . They were on the raft, Bulldog, Biscuit and Sea-Wyf. They had watched Number Four drift away, until his body and his shouts were lost in the sea. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

Panic At Midnight

IT was not so bad while it was daylight, even though the raft was disintegrating under them as the wind gradually rose. Biscuit realized what had been wrong with the idea that Number Four could not cut the chain holding together the mast logs, on which the raft deck rested. He must have severed the weakest link —the rope binding the ends of the chain together.

No important part of the raft had yet floated away. But the mast logs had begun to open and close like scissors. It was very clear what would happen when there was a storm.

Perhaps they should have dived and tried to mend things. But none of them would go into the water. Besides, what could they achieve with a few short lengths of home-made rope?

In spite of these real dangers it was at sunset, at the time of issuing the water, that they were most disturbed. Biscuit baled it out of the turtle shell which Sea-Wyf held. One, two, three—he did not measure a fourth, but he remembered the time on the float, after the big storm, when he had unconsciously broken off an extra ration of hard tack. Then in his exhausted mind there had been the impression that an extra person had helped them through the storm. Now the extra ration would have been for Number Four. None of them had liked him—except perhaps Sea-Wyf with her infinite capacity for love. But he had been with them through everything. They had feared him. They feared him still.

None of them spoke, but their eyes wandered over the darkening sea. Thank God, the phosphorescence had faded. But the growing darkness was bad enough.

The individual pieces of the raft were moving so much that there could be no possibility of sleep, exhausted though they were. They sat silent with their thoughts.

About the middle of the night, the wind still rising, they felt a new sort of movement underneath them. There was a scraping sound. They listened, tense and still. Suddenly something broke surface close beside the raft. Bulldog leaped towards it.

It was the float. He caught hold of it.

When they had recovered a little, Bulldog said: "I'd imagined this was the first thing he slashed to bits."

"He must have intended to save something until——" Sea-Wyf began.

"Until what?"

"Until I failed to answer him."

"Do not blame yourself," Biscuit said. "Let us get aboard."

They were in no state for a midnight transshipment, but they had nothing to carry except the turtle shell of water. So they got quickly away from the raft. It was a panic flight.

They scudded off before the wind. Time, which had been vague since the sinking of their ship, the San Felix, ceased to have any meaning at all. It was a nightmare without question. The island and the raft were dreams within a dream. They had always been on the float and would be until they died.

All the pains and privations they had known returned to them in the most painful form—thirst, hunger, sores which turned to ulcers, and the fear of madness—the fear of madness most of all.

Bulldog was the worst. He had agonizing

"Come in, whoever you ar

Bulldog shouted, and he and Biscuit sprang forward as the door opened. Then they stopped, staring . . . staring at a figure in black

The footsteps came nearer. Bulldog stood tensed, ready to strike with the broken bottle

headaches. Often he was delirious. His lips, white and sticky, moved continually, though seldom could a word be distinguished. "Murder on the high seas" was the only phrase which the others remembered.

He had lucid moments during which, frantically licking his lips and trying to swallow, he told them that if they ever got anywhere they must make no mention of a fourth person having been with them, that they must part at once and hold no communication all their lives. "Biscuit—Sea-Wyf—Bulldog. Break—up—the —raft. Finish. Swear it."

They promised. They could not imagine any other life—only the sun roasting down and the eeriness of night when creatures splashed up phosphorescent waves and the wind seemed to be a voice which called a name. . . . They agreed to everything which Bulldog demanded. If they demurred he would fall into a sudden, violent rage, trying to strike them as he had struck Number Four. Then it was only his weakness which prevented him from doing damage.

Biscuit and Sea-Wyf scarcely spoke at all. They sat close together. Yet, somehow, she was farther away than ever. Sometimes it seemed to Biscuit that Number Four was there between them.

They felt perpetually exhausted and slept a great deal, fitfully. Biscuit was roused by the girl touching his arm.

"Goodbye," she said.

Biscuit managed to turn himself and look at her. He thought she meant that she was going to die. But her face, the face of an old woman, was radiant.

"Goodbye, Biscuit dear," she said, and although her eyes were shining they ran with tears. He wondered where they came from, those tears. So much water.

It was some time before he made out the smoke on the horizon. On several occasions during their long drift they had seen ships which had gone by. But this one was going to rescue them. They were sure of it. They roused Bulldog.

"Break up—like the raft—finish," he murmured.

The ship came closer. Biscuit took Sea-Wyf's hand and felt the surge of emotion which came from it. His eyes were bad and he had lost sight of the ship now because it was in line with the blazing sun.

Across the water came the ring of an engine-room bell and the sound of voices, human voices.

Sea-Wyf drew her hand away. She began to smooth her hair and to gather together the tattered rags on her desiccated body. . . .

It was evening when Bulldog and Biscuit completed the account of their experience. That account—dictated for a particular reason—was less full than the version I have given here, for I have added details which I learned afterwards and have tried without partiality to convey the characters as they appeared to me in the telling.

When the men stopped speaking I put down my pencil and went stiffly to the window—and it was a shock to look through rain-wet glass at the cold glitter of a calm northern sunset, for my mind was still in the Indian Ocean.

The others joined me.

A lighthouse began winking in the distance. Biscuit asked what it was. Bulldog said it marked a point on the Outer Hebrides.

The sea was smooth as a silver plate, its surface only broken by a ripple here and there, but below the castle it sighed as it caressed the seaweed rocks.

"What's that—at the mouth of the bay?" Bulldog asked. "Your eyes must be better than mine."

"A bird," I said. "A cormorant or a duck."

"Surely it's making too much wash for a

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Fool's paradise for trout

by JACK ATACK

Gregor Mackenzie's fish lead pampered lives. He tends them from dawn to dusk—so that they'll make plumper catches in the end

AFTER WATCHING A COUPLE of luckless anglers fishing a stretch of the Hampshire Avon a few years ago, Gregor Mackenzie, a water bailiff, told them that fishing was over for the day. One of the men handed Mackenzie a ten-shilling note and suggested that he should buy himself a drink at a local pub. "We'll join you there," the man said, "as soon as we've packed our gear."

Pocketing the note, Mackenzie cycled off towards the village in full view of the anglers. A few hundred yards down the road, he dumped his bicycle in a clump of bushes, then started back along the river bank. Rounding a bend, he saw what he had suspected: the anglers were fishing in one of the hatching ponds where he kept young trout.

Mackenzie crawled towards them and was a hundred yards away when the men saw him. They dropped their fishing tackle and made off in a car. "I confiscated the tackle and reported the incident to my employer who hired out daily beats on the river," Mackenzie says. "The poachers never returned. They knew they were asking for trouble if they did."

Uses Speed And Cunning

As a water bailiff employed to patrol valuable fishing grounds, Mackenzie has learned to fight poachers with their own weapons—speed and cunning. He has often struggled with offenders on the river bank, smashed their rods over his knee and taken away valuable fishing tackle. "Poachers are out to catch as many fish as they can—and they don't care how," he says.

A determined Scot of forty-seven who has spent most of his life near rivers, Mackenzie is today water bailiff for one-and-a-half miles of the River Test in Hampshire, one of the most famous trout-fishing grounds in the world. The stretch that he controls is owned by Sir Malcolm McAlpine, the engineering contractor.

Mackenzie's job as water bailiff includes maintaining a healthy stock of fish in the river, guiding anglers, checking pollution and erosion, carrying out routine weed-cutting and bank-trimming, repairing paths and footbridges and dealing with vermin. But poaching is his main problem.

One day, while making a routine check at a railway station where he worked in conjunction with railway police, Mackenzie saw two men whom he recognized as poachers boarding a train. He hurried along the platform, entered their carriage and searched it thoroughly. The men insisted that they had no fish, but Mackenzie was suspicious.

Must Be Caught In The Act

Just before the train pulled out, he had another idea. He returned to the carriage, jumped in and opened the far door. There, on a string tied to the handle, was a large salmon.

It is difficult to prosecute poachers, as bailiffs must catch offenders in the act. Consequently many poachers, such as the men on the train, are prosecuted for the illegal possession of fish during a closed season. In law, bailiffs are allowed to use reasonable force to apprehend poachers and may confiscate their tackle.

Besides poaching, river pollution constitutes a big threat to river life, and bailiffs have to show ingenuity in tracking it down. While pollution may not affect the fish directly, it often kills off the water life on which fish feed.

Patrolling the Test one morning, Mackenzie noticed that one stretch had turned all colours of the rainbow. Looking for clues, he found a drain that emptied into the river. Its source was in the nearby village of Whitchurch. There, he learned that a lorry had dropped a drum

Water keeping has been Mackenzie's job since he started work. "He loves fishing, but won't take a trout from his own river," says his wife

By using artificial methods of breeding, Mackenzie hatches out far more eggs than would be possible under natural conditions

Newly-hatched fish are fed on finely-ground liver. Mackenzie (right) puts trout fry in shallow water where they will not be attacked by larger fish

of paraffin while loading up; the drum had burst, releasing paraffin into the drain. "Fortunately, the paraffin in the river soon floated away," Mackenzie says.

In cases where river pollution is more permanent, water bailiffs make detailed reports to their local fishery board or to public analysts. One day, Mackenzie was shocked to see thousands of dead fish floating in his river and stock ponds. There had been a severe rain storm the day before and he thought that it had washed refuse from a gas works down a bank and into the river. He took samples from the river around the suspected source of polution, and, by testing the samples, the fishery board was able to confirm Mackenzie's suspicions. After that the gas works' refuse was stored in a safer place.

In their constant vigil over river life, bailiffs have to deal with animal, as well as human, destroyers. Vermin such as water grebe pick over spawning beds for fish eggs and eat fish fry, while eels prey on young trout, trout eggs and natural food. But according to Mackenzie, the biggest menace on the river, apart from the poacher, is the grey heron: This bird, which is eighteen inches tall, spears trout with its long beak.

Mackenzie once hid in a shelter covered with branches beside a stretch of water that he knew was visited by herons. "Presently a heron landed and walked into the water," he says. "It stood motionless for a full twenty minutes then, suddenly, it struck like a snake and whipped a large trout out of the water. I scared it away and retrieved the trout which had been speared clean through.

"It's a problem dealing with heron because they are protected by an Act of Parliament. Sometimes they spear fish that are too big for them to eat—and just leave them to die."

Mackenzie's duties vary with the season. In the winter months, he catches as many spawning fish as possible to strip them of their eggs, which can be better protected in hatcheries.

The eggs are quickly removed from the fish and fertilized, and after fifty or sixty days in water-filled hatching trays they are ready to hatch out. The bailiff feeds young fish on finely ground liver until they are ready for release into the river.

Mackenzie trickles fry into shallow water which is rich in oxygen and where large fish are not likely to attack them. Older fish are poured into the river in batches at different points. "By using artificial methods of hatching and rearing," he says, "we can hatch a much larger number of eggs than would ever be hatched under natural conditions."

Strict Rules For Anglers

On the Test, Mackenzie enforces strict rules to maintain a balance between the fish taken out of the river and those released into it. Visitors must show him a letter, signed by his employer, granting permission for fishing.

Each fisherman is allowed six trout, all of which must be more than twelve inches long. Only three people are allowed to fish on his stretch of river at one time and boats must not be used. About four hundred trout, weighing an average of one pound seven ounces, are caught each year, and Mackenzie keeps a record of all the fish caught, their weight, the flies they are caught on, the names of the anglers and the conditions under which the fish are caught.

New methods of protecting fish are continually being discovered. Not long ago, Mackenzie was puzzled by the small number of fry in the Test, compared with the number of trout that were left to spawn naturally. To solve the mystery, he kept a months-long watch in his spare time by the window of his fishing bungalow, which is built out over the clear, shallow water.

Early-spawning fish cleared patches of gravel with their tails to lay their eggs. Mackenzie noticed that late-spawners, clearing further patches in which to lay their eggs, destroyed the eggs laid before. He covered each bed with a piece of wire netting, weighted each corner with bricks to prevent the current from sweeping it away, and removed the netting when the eggs were ready to hatch. "By this simple method we have substantially increased the number of fry in the river," he says.

Water bailiffs are normally paid about £7 a week and provided with a house, fuel and electricity. They work no set hours and Mackenzie finds that he is often up at dawn to look for poachers and out until dusk with anglers. "He loves fishing but won't take a trout from his own river," his wife says.

Mackenzie believes that his family holds a record for water-keeping in Great Britain. His grandfather was a deerstalker and head gillie on an estate in Scotland and his father was a water bailiff. One of his brothers and his son are water bailiffs and his other brother is a fisheries' inspector. Mackenzie started as a salmon gillie on the River Lochy in Inverness-shire and has since worked on the Tweed, Peeblesshire; the River Dove, Derbyshire, and the Avon and Test in Hampshire.

Today, as in the early days, water-keeping is regarded as a hazardous profession in some districts. Once, when Mackenzie caught five men who were fishing without permission, he was beaten up and tossed into the river.

Modern poachers frequently use scientific and ruthless methods to get their fish. Rivers have been dynamited and, at one river in Scotland, a large quantity of chemicals poisonous to salmon was dumped into the river. One witness reported a mass of salmon jumping out of the water on to the bank, and said that he had seen three men hauling fish out with gaffs. Another witness said that the men had a ton of fish and that he had cashed a cheque for £953 for one of the gang. Later a gamekeeper farther down the river reported that he had found five hundred dead salmon in the water.

More careful patrolling and large fines have helped to cut down poaching in some parts of the country, but on one occasion Mackenzie's zeal proved embarrassing.

While patrolling his stretch of river, he found a man fishing illegally from a clump of bushes. Mackenzie started to shout at the man from a high bank over his head. When the poacher started to argue, Mackenzie sprang from the bank and knocked him into the river. At once the man began to thrash wildly and call for help. "I had to jump in after him," says Mackenzie. "He couldn't swim. Afterwards he thanked me for saving his life and bought me a drink—but I still had to report him to my employer."

THE END

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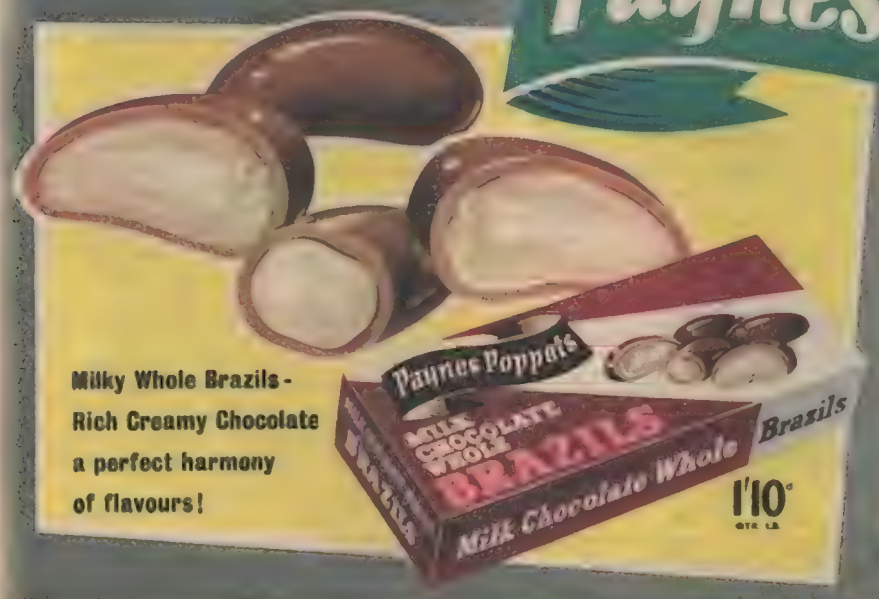

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ROBERTSON'S *Jam*

FORTY SECONDS TO THE TOP

Continued from page 17

Continent, however, a driver of Wharton's calibre receives up to £200 appearance money and may win £300 in one afternoon.

Although the money abroad is more attractive, British hill climbs are considered more difficult and better tests of the drivers' skill.

Courses are between eight hundred and 1,800 yards long, with hazardous bends all the way and gradients as steep as 1 in 6. Each driver spends only thirty or forty seconds at the wheel, but those few seconds are often more strenuous than a fifty-lap road race. Often drivers arrive at the top so exhausted that they have to be lifted from their driving seats.

Raymond Mays, a veteran hill-climbing champion, says: "The nervous strain of waiting in the paddock, followed by the intense physical exertion of driving up the twisting road, anticipating each corner, leaves you completely worn out."

Another veteran, S. C. H. Davis, says that a hill climb is like ten rounds in the ring with Rocky Marciano.

The dangerously curling courses have lured many of the great names in motor racing, among them Sir Malcolm Campbell, Sir Miles Thomas, Earl Howe, Whitney Straight, George Eyston, Raymond Mays, Prince Bira, Reg Parnell and Stirling Moss. Only Raymond Mays became a champion. The finest road racers do not always make the best hill-climbers.

It Looks Easy

Many young motoring enthusiasts try hill-climbing because it looks easy. Leslie Wilson, secretary of the Midland Automobile Club, who has organized hill climbs at Shelsley Walsh, in Worcestershire, for forty-three years, says: "I have seen cocky youngsters with fast cars frighten the lives out of themselves at their first attempts. The wiser ones either leave it to experts like Wharton, or start on slower cars, as he did."

The Royal Automobile Club controls the sport in Britain and officials ensure that each vehicle is in racing trim and that each entrant is competent. They ask would-be competitors to make an observed run.

At Prescott, near Cheltenham, a few years ago, the proud owner of a 100-m.p.h. sports car charged at the first bend too fast in the wrong gear. He braked hard, but too late. The car skidded round and the motor stalled. Restarting the engine, the driver reversed down the hill, red-faced and nervous, and crashed into the bonnet of the R.A.C. chief observer's car.

Hill-climbing is one of the simplest motor sports for spectators to follow. Each car sets off separately and the outright winner is the driver who makes the fastest time. In this country starting and timing apparatus are operated electrically.

On the Continent, the flag-and-stop-watch method is still used. In Italy once, Wharton noticed that the time-keeper signalled to the starter by giving him a kick. Instead of watching the flag, Wharton watched the time-keeper's foot—and let in the clutch as soon as it moved. "I reckon I gained at least half a second."

Broke Down On Bend

Two years ago, at the vue des Alpes hill climb in Switzerland, Wharton and Juan Fangio, the Argentinian driver, had identical times. To decide the winner, both drivers made an extra run.

Wharton set off first and made good time until, rounding the last bend, his differential burst. Knowing that Fangio would be close behind and unable to see round the corner, Wharton waved his arms and shouted to the crowd in agitated schoolboy French. They waved back.

Frantically, he mimed the action of pushing the car, a heavy E.R.A. Understanding this better than his French, half a dozen spectators ran to help him. Just as they cleared the road, Fangio roared past. When Fangio received the winner's cup, Wharton was presented with a gold watch for preventing a disaster.

He began racing at the age of nineteen with a car he built himself. After the war he built a light-trials special from an Austin Seven chassis and an eight-horse-power M.G. engine. At that time most of his rivals had heavy, powerful machines with which they attacked the ruts and mud of the trials hills in bulldozer style.

Coaxing rather than ploughing his car through the mud, Wharton made slower progress, but arrived at the top more often. His technique won him the trials championship three years running.

He started hill-climbing in 1949 because "I didn't think much of the so-called experts and I was sure I could do a darned sight better." The following year, driving a 1,000-c.c. Cooper, he won the national championship for the first time.

Five Years Old

Although the Cooper that he uses today is basically the same car as the one he had five years ago, most of its components have been changed many times. Breakages on hill climbs are frequent. At one time, Wharton used up gearboxes for the Cooper at an alarming rate. Bill Blyth, his mechanic, became so adept at changing them that he learned to do the whole job in twelve minutes.

During the fifty years history of the sport in this country accidents have been numerous and spectacular, but seldom fatal. Although cars may be doing over 100 m.p.h. at the finishing line, average speeds are kept comparatively low by the sharp corners and steep gradients. Cars are tuned to give maximum acceleration rather than high speeds. Wharton's average speed when he set up a new record of 35.8 seconds at Shelsley Walsh in August last year was only 58.6 m.p.h.

At the S bend, the steepest part of the Shelsley course, many drivers have come to grief. Some years ago a heavy car went out of control, skidded first into one bank, then over the top of the other, shot through a gateway, bounced up a slope and came to rest with wheels astride a ditch. The car's progress was accompanied by three loud reports as the tyres burst. The driver was thrown clear, unhurt.

Many competitors build their own hill-climb specials and give them names like Bloody Mary, Djinn and Gnat. They often consist of little more than a chassis and engine with a precarious seat for the driver amid whirring shafts and chains.

Aeroplane Engine

Wharton's E.R.A. embodies the basic formula for a hill-climb car—to keep the power high and the weight low. A hopeful rival, acting on the same principle, produced a hill-climb special from an 8-h.p. M.G. chassis and a Gypsy Major aeroplane engine.

Wharton's ability to get the most out of his machine is not always taken for granted. Competing with a Ford eight saloon against more powerful and expensive opposition in a Continental rally a few years ago, he remained among the leaders until the final eliminating test.

Practising for this test—a timed run down a short track, round a concrete post and back to the starting line—Wharton discovered that the turning circle round the post was two feet less than the turning circle of the car. To get round without backing and losing time, he tried skidding round with one hand on the steering wheel and the other gripping the hand brake.

Normally a saloon car is no match for a low-slung sports model at cornering, but Wharton perfected his technique, made the fastest time for the test and won the rally.

But the judges were suspicious. "They didn't want to give me the prize money. To convince them I wasn't on the fiddle, I repeated the manoeuvre eight times in a different car of the same model. On the eighth run I turned the car over. They were satisfied by that time and gave me the money."

THE END

Baby's in no mood for sloppy fare. How about starting on real *breakfasts* now?

WHEN DOES BABY NEED A GROWN-UP BREAKFAST?

WHEN baby begins to walk, he's into everything, using up energy *extra* fast. And *he has to grow, too.* That is why it is so important to give him the *right* foods to eat. Now is the time to start him with a *grown-up breakfast*—something that adds body-building proteins and energy-giving carbohydrates to his first-thing-in-the-morning meal. He's ready for *his* bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar!

How he enjoys the clean taste of this crispy, golden-toasted cereal—such a change from sloppy baby foods! It does him—and his teeth—good to have something to *crunch!* And you can be happy that he is getting extra milk.

Begin baby's breakfast with a bowlful of cornflakes with milk and sugar. This nourishing dish is easy to digest, all ready prepared—and easy to wash-up after, too.

And it's wise to give him cornflakes before you settle him down for the night. They'll give him energy for the growing he does while he's asleep.

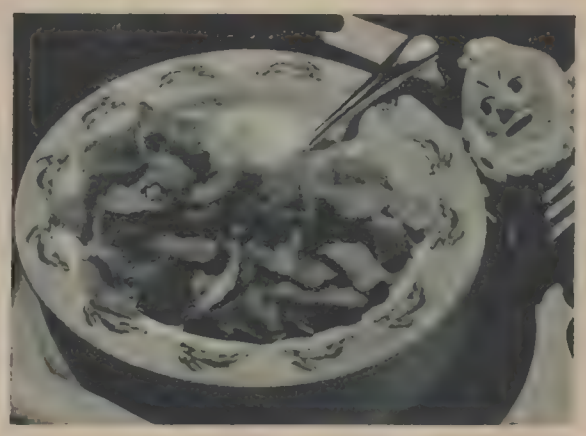
Breakfast for your toddler

Here is what we suggest you should give baby for breakfast:

8 ozs. milk (to drink and with his cereal)
Bowlful of Corn Flakes with milk and sugar
Egg (scrambled, boiled or poached) **OR**
Portion of steamed herring (free from bone) **OR**
Slice of grilled bacon finely cut
Toast with butter and honey

Baby's serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar contains about:

FATS - - - -	12	Calories
PROTEIN - - -	21	,,
CARBOHYDRATES -	121	,,
Total	154	,,



WHY CORNFLAKES WITH SUGAR AND MILK ARE SO GOOD FOR BABY

Doctors say that breakfast is the most important meal for everybody—particularly for very young children, who use up so much energy during the daytime and have to take in enough fuel to help them to grow as well. Baby should have one-third of his daily calories at his first meal of the day. Add a helping of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar or fruit to his breakfast menu and be sure he is getting the *right* amount of calories.

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MY WIFE MARY-ELLEN

Continued from page 19

said. "I'll have no idle gossip passed on in this house, and let you remember it!"

I stooped with that, and picked up the fox.

"Where are you taking it?" she asked, in a small voice.

"Never you mind!" I said. "I must bury it far enough and deep enough to make sure it does not disgrace us in the morning. And before I forget, I'll thank you to attend the meet with me tomorrow, and to greet the Master with civility if he should speak to you. Remember now—airs don't become a plain farmer's wife."

"I thought you loved me, Jamie," she said, very low. "I thought if I asked you to do a thing because you loved me, you'd do it."

She waited for me to make an answer, but I would not, and she went out of the kitchen with her head held very high that I might not see the tears running down.

I wanted to take her in my arms, and comfort her, but I didn't.

It was the first occasion that we'd ever quarrelled, and I remember that we both lay there side by side in the big bed, pretending to be asleep, and both of us grieving, and wondering how it would be in the morning.

But in the morning it seemed to be forgotten and the day started well, with us both looking forward to it. The meet up at the hall was not just another day out for those of us who rode to hounds; it was a social event for the ladies as well. Indeed there were some who thought it would have been better without the hounds in it at all!

Few in the country were the equal of the Major and his pack of hounds. He was a strange, tormented man. Horses, the dogs, and women, were all his life, and it was as if he were driven to master them. He was for ever boasting of the big leaps he'd taken, and the foxes he'd killed, and the women who loved him to distraction.

His hounds ran nearly mute, and it's true they had the fiercest drive you could wish to see, but they were the secret disgrace of the county. Hungry, snarling brutes; ill-fed and ill-quartered, people said they ought to be shot, were it not for the sport they showed, and that nobody—nobody at all—would like to be the one to mention it to the Major.

IT was what they used to call a lawn meet, up at the hall, and a gay sight it was to see the pink coats of the gentlemen, and the ladies in their long habits and tall hats, and everyone on foot in their best clothes for the grand occasion, and plenty of food and drink for all, and the fine, grey house at the back.

I had a good young mare to ride that old Willy was leading about until I was ready. It took her a while to settle down and learn her job, but she had a great heart. And I had Mary-Ellen on my arm, and I thought I was the proudest man of them all.

I can well remember her that day, dressed in dark red velvet with a little white fur muff to match the fur trimming on her elegant bonnet. A bonnet suits a young face like the good frame to a picture, and the more tantalizing when it's turned away from you, and there's nothing to be seen but the sweep of a hat and a few bright curls.

It was that, I think, that drew the Major, for she turned away from him deliberately as soon as she discovered where he was standing.

He came over to us.

"Good morning, Master," I said. "Ye've met Mrs. O'Halloran, I think."

"I have," he said, his eyes on Mary-Ellen as he bowed, "and I thought I should have met her again before this. It's cruel of you, O'Halloran, to keep such a lovely creature shut up in your house."

Mary-Ellen acknowledged his bow with the smallest indication courtesy would permit. "Indeed, sir," she said hotly, "I have all the freedom I could desire."

"You are fortunate, then, madam," he told her. "Now I find that the more liberty I am given, the more I want. Freedom, I must believe, is knowing how to be happy in a cage. We should talk of this sometimes when you are less occupied. May I come and see you at the farm?"

Mary-Ellen curtsied briefly. "We should be pleased to receive you, sir, except on Wednesdays, which are market days, when my husband is not at home."

He threw back his head and laughed. "Wednesday—eh? A hunting day, alas!"

"Why, sir," retorted Mary-Ellen, "I thought you liked hunting above everything!"

"That depends on the quarry, madam," he said, and bowed, and passed on to speak with some others.

Mary-Ellen's cheeks were red with indignation, and she plucked at my sleeve. "I told ye how it would be," she said passionately. "Why did you not say something, Jamie? Just standing there like a great gowk while he had his sport with me!"

I shook my head at her. "Why, sweetheart," I said, "you must not take what a gentleman like the Major says seriously."

"But he means to be taken seriously!" she insisted. "Why will you not believe me? If you will do nothing to help me, I must help myself."

"Do!" I said, teasing her, for she was very pretty when she was vexed. "But pray be careful of my gun. It is enough—and more than enough—to shoot foxes."

She would not forgive me for that, and went off to join two young ladies who were known to us, and I would have thought no more about the incident had I not met old Mrs. Carruthers from the Hall, for whom I had a deep regard.

"Good morning, James," she said. "A word in your ear. I wondered if your wife was acquainted with the Master before her marriage?"

"She was not, Madam," I said, surprised.

"Well now, that's what I thought. But I've heard him talking of her by her Christian name, do you see, and I thought that being young, and inexperienced, she might be a little flattered by his attentions."

I smiled, but I did not feel so much like smiling.

"On the contrary," I said frankly, "I know they embarrass her, but I thought it better to make nothing of it. I am only a tenant farmer and cannot afford to cross a man in his position."

That displeased her, and she rapped my knuckles sharply with the handle of her walking stick.

"Don't be a fool, James!" she said. "You were always too easy-going. If the man means mischief, he must be stopped, no matter who he may be. We both know that the Master has a

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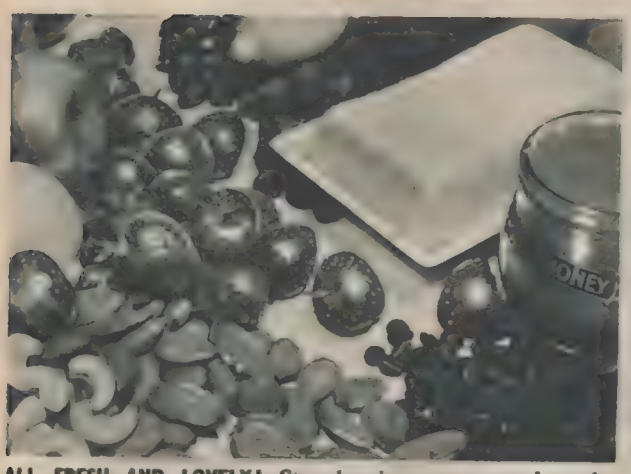

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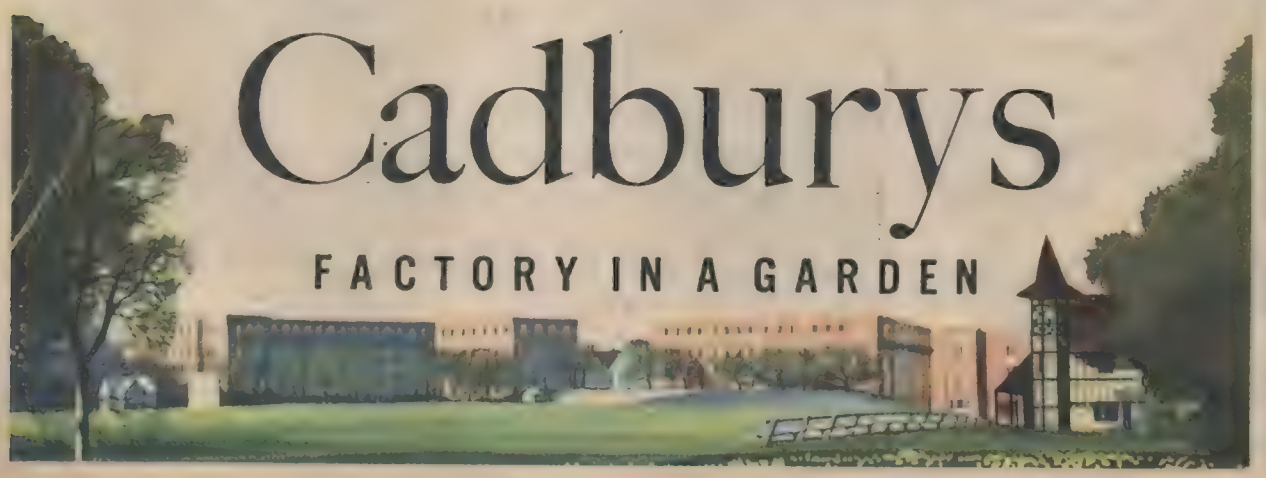

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certain reputation—how he came by it is not my concern, but if I were a young man I would not wish to see my wife in his company. You are not his tenant, remember."

Hounds moved off then, and I mounted and followed on slowly, with a lot on my mind. It must have been a poorish day, I suppose, for at about three o'clock in the afternoon there were only half a dozen of us left, and hounds making nothing of a twisty fox that ran in circles more like a hare.

I stayed because I wanted to be clear in my mind about how I should handle this situation. It was not in my nature to brood about a thing, and if something had to be said I wanted to say it that day and have done with it. I think it was in my mind to warn the Master, just quietly and in private, that if he couldn't treat my wife with proper respect and courtesy, we'd not wish to have his hounds on our land any more.

And then the afternoon grew colder, with a hint of frost to come, and scent improved rapidly.

Hounds began to press their fox, and all of a sudden he changed his mind and doubled back and set his mask for our own Bottom Covert, a couple of miles away across the best part of our country.

We'd gone about halfway, I suppose, when I saw old daft Willy up by the hedge in the next field, running towards us and shouting and waving with all his might.

The Master pulled up sharp to hear what he had to say, and I was with him.

"Call off the dogs, Mister!" he shouted, and he was plucking at his clothes and near crazy with importance and excitement. "Call 'em off, it's no fox they're after, it's the Missus!"

"What do you mean, Willy?" I said. "What's wrong?"

"Missus shot your fox, so she did!" he said. "Just a little while ago. She was out with her gun, and bang! bang! and she had it, just like that. And she tied a string round its neck because she said she didn't want the smell of it on her hands, and she's walking home now, dragging it behind her."

I was so shocked, I didn't know what to do. I tried to think that with Mary-Ellen being just a young girl, she wouldn't know what a terrible thing she'd done, and all the time I knew that she'd done it on purpose.

And then I looked up and saw the Master's face, and I've never seen a man so white.

"If hounds pick up the scent of the fresh blood, and come up with her while she has it, they'll tear her to pieces!" he cried.

And with that he whirled round and set his spurs into the big horse he was riding, and I followed him as well as I could.

It was a horse called Kildare he had out that day, and a famous leaper; a great horse that'd take you over a gate sooner than stoop to the latch. And my little mare was only a four-year-old then, and headstrong and flighty. Walls and banks she understood, and she'd jump them well, but the respect she'd learned for them had taught her to be careless about anything less solid in appearance.

As luck would have it, the second fence we met was a stiff flight of posts and rails, and at any other time I'd have turned her from it, but I kept thinking I could hear Mary-Ellen screaming when the hounds caught her, and I was riding in a kind of frenzy. I took the mare short by the head, and gave her a wallop you could hear the other side of the field, and the next thing I knew there was a splintering crash as she took the top bar with us, and we were both of us standing on our heads.

The Master looked round when he heard the fall, and he saw us both on the ground. And he laughed. Many and many a time, I've asked myself why he did that and always the conclusion has been that he was so selfish and arrogant that it was a pleasure to him to realize that nobody but himself was to have the chance of stopping the hounds. And all for Mary-Ellen, who had had the nerve to insult him. For he knew as well as I did that when she shot the fox she meant him to understand that she would have none of him.

The mare had scrambled to her feet, mercifully none the worse, but her bridle was torn off and broken on the ground. My head was singing with the dint it had had. I wrenched off a stirrup leather, and threw the stirrup away, and slipped the leather through the buckle to make a noose, and drew it tight round her nose, and so I rode her. I could neither stop nor turn, my only hope was to let her follow the other horse, and leave the luck to God.

We came up through the paddock at a mad pace, and across the corner of the park, and I thought she'd surely come down when she jumped into the lane, for she spun round on a sixpence. But she held her feet, and then I began to think we might be in time yet, for there was only the one field after we'd turned into our own driveway.

Then I saw the Master check Kildare in front of me, and I saw what had stopped him.

For the first time that I can ever remember, the great gates were shut across the drive.

Tall, iron gates they were, curving down to the centre and six foot high at the lowest part, and set with fierce spikes to discourage the poachers.

And through the bars I could see the pack, two or three on ahead, running mute, their heads up and their eyes fixed on something beyond my sight, and the rest giving tongue beyond with a most horrible and savage cry.

The Master looked round as I came up, and he was not laughing now.

"The key!" he gasped. "Where's the key, man?"

"There's no time for that now," I yelled. "Your horse might do it, mine can't. Jump, for God's sake!"

"Jump?" he said. "Jump that? It's not possible, you fool. It's nothing but suicide."

"Then make way for your betters, you bragging coward!" I said, and I hit him just the once, with the full strength of my weight behind the blow, and knocked him clean out of the saddle and into the ditch. Then I vaulted over on to Kildare, and turned him round to face those iron gates.

I was mad enough to do it, and I shall always believe he was great enough to try, but at that moment she spoke from the bank at the side of the road.

"The gate is not locked, gentlemen," she said.

She was sitting quietly on a log, behind a tree, without a hair out of place, and the Master and I both gaped at her as if she'd been a ghost.

My head was spinning round like a top, and I sat on Kildare with my feet out of the stirrups and bowed right over the saddle, and I've never felt more like crying in all my life.

"Why did you do it, Mary-Ellen?" I said, when I could speak at all. "I thought you'd be killed."

"I'm right enough," she said, "but you'd have been killed for sure, Jamie, if you'd taken the gates."

And there was something in her face when she looked at me that I'd not seen there before, as if, like me, she'd seen a thing that was more than she could bear.

The Master was up out of the ditch by now, and her eye fell on him, and she turned to me contemptuously.

"Give him his horse, Jamie," she said, "and his hounds, and his fox that I left in the tree for him, and leave him alone, for I think we understand each other now."

So I put him up on Kildare, and I helped him to collect the hounds, and he never spoke a word to me. And so he rode off, and we were rid of him. But he was never at ease after that for fear the story would get around, and he left the next season. THE END

Guess What?

by GLYN DANIEL

THIS object is eight inches long and carved from bone. Recent research about it has surprised many archaeologists. Is it . . .

(a) A Japanese flower stand?
(b) A Roman hinge?
(c) A musical instrument?
(d) A primitive water spray?

Glyn Daniel tells you more on page 36

THE GRAINS OF PARADISE

Continued from page 15

I said, "My friend Tio tells me you have the best food in Feliz. And peppers."

"You like Mexican food?"

"Only if it is good."

He walked towards the kitchen, and I looked over at Tio and grinned.

Hilario brought *tacos* and tortillas and honey. Also a little bowl of long peppers. They were *Pipers officinarum*. Tasty, but with about as much kick as ginger ale. The *tacos* were marvellous, however, and the tortillas were as thin as paper and the best I had ever eaten. I picked up one of the peppers and spoke slowly to Tio, so that they all could make out my words. "In Hattiesburg—in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where you went to college, one eats these for dessert, eh, Chili?"

"Only children," he said, and tilted his cigar. "Sometimes old women who are sick, but always children."

"With sugar and cream." I tossed the pepper back into the bowl.

Hilario came to my table again and ate one of the peppers, smacking his lips in approval. Then he spoke to me, but did not look at me. "You like peppers?"

"Only if they are good."

It was Tio's cue, and he took it. He walked slowly, proudly, to my side and felt in his pocket and pulled out seventeen pesos. It wasn't much—only about twenty-five shillings—but I knew that it was all he had, and he put it on the table and said, "My friend Pete is the best pepper man in Feliz."

Hilario glanced scornfully at the money, and with all the contempt of a duelling master who has been challenged by a pupil. For a second, I thought he was going to ignore Tio's challenge, and so I took out my wallet and counted out a hundred pesos and slipped them under Tio's wager.

"For a cushion," I said. "The confidence of my friend is worthy of a cushion."

AT this, the spectators, all Indians, looked from one to the other, and then hard at Hilario, and he turned his back to me and walked behind his counter and picked up a cigar box and counted the money in it. Apparently it wasn't enough, because he left us and crossed his patio to the family quarters. Soon he was back, and with Nena.

She never looked up lest she meet the gaze of Tio, but went behind the counter and waited. Hilario put 117 pesos on the table and said, "My daughter will serve us."

I nodded and he sat down and Tio moved closer behind me. The Indians moved over behind Hilario. I pushed the *tacos* aside, but kept the tortillas in front of me.

"You must have bread with peppers?" Hilario asked.

"Never yet have I seen peppers so hot that I must reach for the bread."

"You sweat?" Hilario was laying down the rules.

"In the sun, yes. But never from peppers. With me, the peppers warm my blood, not my skin."

"You blow hard the breath?"

"No."

"Then you sip?"

"No. I nibble."

"I sip."

"That is fair."

I moved the tortillas closer to me, and Nena brought him a bottle of beer, and the rules were set. He could sip and I could nibble. But he must wait a full minute between pepper and beer, and I must wait a full minute between pepper and tortilla.

Nena brought out some spiced meat and two bowls of ground pepper. One of plain black pepper which is the dried fruit of *Piper nigrum*, picked green. This is the pepper of antiquity, of Malabar and Travancore. This is the pepper that sent men venturing in the days of Solomon and Sheba. Rome paid ransom to Alaric in *Piper nigrum*. It is romantic, but tame. The other bowl contained white pepper, which is *Piper nigrum* prepared from the ripe fruits.

Hilario dipped a bit of meat into the black pepper and another into the white pepper and ate them. I crossed my arms and leaned back in my chair as though I had been given offence.

"No?" Hilario was surprised, and tried not to show it.

"No. Does the hospitality of Feliz offer pap to a stranger?" I took fifty more pesos out of my wallet. "This is for the white and the black pepper. I will not tease my tongue."

Hilario stared at me and some of the hauteur went out of him, and I felt a possibility of understanding between us, of friendship a far way off, but moving towards us. Slowly he reached into his pocket and took out more money and matched my stake.

Then he turned to Nena and said, "The cayennes. We have here a man of mettle."

NENA ran across the patio and more Indians came in and ranged themselves alongside the counter and behind Hilario. Then Ladinos came in and stood by Tio and behind me. I don't know how the word got around so fast, but there they were: the moustached Ladinos and the Indians, each backing his own kind, for I had become associated with the Ladinos. The hotel owner was there, and he whispered to Tio and stepped to the table and counted out a hundred pesos and put them in front of me, and stepped back.

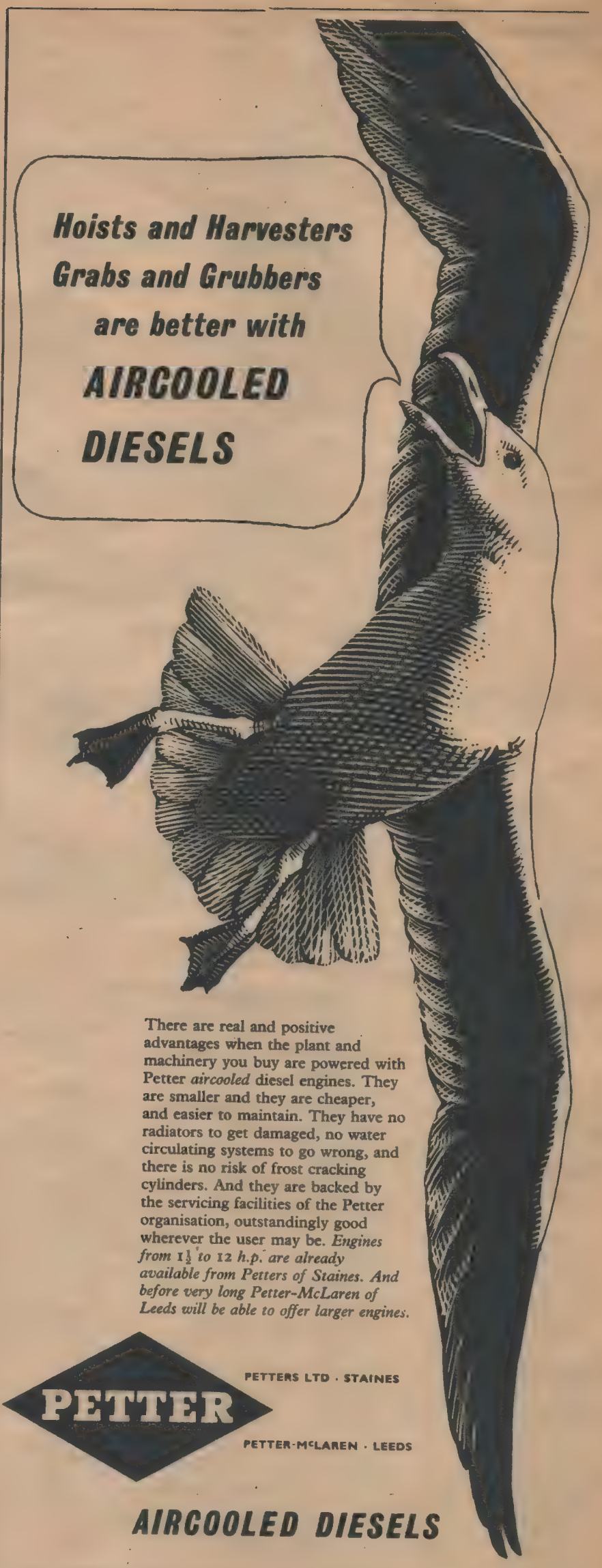
Hilario reached into his pocket again, but one of the Indians touched his arm. Then all the Indians gave money to the one and he matched the hotel owner's bet.

Nena came back in and she had a tray of peppers, each kind in little piles. Only cayennes, the burning Capsicums. There are about thirty species of this delicacy, and she had six. There were green infernos and green terrors, yellow-jackets and yellow furies, red torrids and red frenzies.

Hilario selected one of the red frenzies and held it up for all to see. It was wrinkled near the stem; then fat and tapering to a point. He put the whole pepper in his mouth and chewed slowly. The Indians nodded solemnly, and as he chewed we both watched the clock, and when a minute had passed he reached for his beer and took a sip.

I pulled the tray close to me and fingered through the frenzies until I found two that suited me, both wrinkling their ripeness and then swelling fat into juice and skin and seeds. I held them up for Tio to approve and put both of them into my mouth. My lips stung and the lining of my mouth was hot quick and then prickling with stings. I watched the clock through my minute of grace and took my nibble of tortilla.

The Ladinos crowded around Tio and patted him on the back; not me at all, but my sponsor. Then the hotel owner went among them and they gave him money and he receipted it and laid it



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on the table. The Indians matched it, digging deep this time because they did not have so much money as the Ladinos.

There was a quizzical look in Hilario's eyes. Maybe it was doubt. But, then, maybe it was admiration because I had taken two red frenzies, and without sweat, without the hard blowing of the breath.

We both took torrids, and this time I took only one. My lips had hardened to the sting, but my mouth was ridging inside.

The bets were placed again and the hotel owner called out that he was offering odds on me.

"Seven to five," he called out, "on Mr. Hoyle. He is the friend of Tio, and Tio is my employee, and as all you know"—he waved his arm in a broad gesture—"my employee went to the school, to the college, in the United States. And Mr. Hoyle, who is my guest, knows the place. This is a truth, and I say seven to five."

There were no takers from among the Indians. They were shamefaced because they had no more money, and one of them took off his jacket, a hand-woven garment of blue, embroidered with sacred pagan symbols. It was his most valued possession, and he walked to the table to put it there, but Hilario stopped him and shook his head.

Then Hilario spoke to me, ignoring the hotel owner and all the other Ladinos. "You have made your bets, Mr. Hoyle?"

"I have made my bets, Mr. Villareal."

He called his daughter, and she raised her eyes as she walked to him and seemed to be looking at him, but she was looking at Tio. The father spoke low to her, and I did not hear his words, but she nodded understanding and ran across the patio and returned with a little hide-covered box. Hilario counted out five hundred pesos—over £35. A lot of money anywhere, a fortune in Feliz.

"I take no odds," he said. "Cover the wager, gentlemen."

The Ladinos hesitated and Tio was embarrassed for them and jerked off his ring and threw it on the table. It was a gold band and worn and obviously old. Hilario picked it up and felt it and looked at it a long time, and handed it back to Tio. "I will not take a man's ring. It has memories. So have I. And now I have a new memory, the honour of knowing a man who has faith in a stranger."

The hotel owner motioned to his friends and they emptied their pockets and the owner counted out five hundred pesos and covered the bet. He held the rest of the money in his hand.

Hilario pushed his box to the side of the table. I don't know if he had more money in there or not. I just knew they were not going to bluff that fellow. If there was no more money, then there was his *cantina* and his house, and his land and the land of his friends.

Everything was set again and we chose our peppers—this time the yellow ones—greenish yellow, and hotter than the reds. I got by my first one and was on a yellow fury when I felt the sweat ooze out on the back of my neck, down under my collar. They couldn't see it. I was hurting, the numbing burn of piperine, which is a crystalline alkaloid that tightens the tissues like wet rawhide. Each minute got longer, and the tortillas didn't help much.

Next, Hilario reached for the green ones—the busters. So did I, and the heat seared down my body, and I straightened quickly to stave off a cramp.

I made it through the terrors and the infernos, but Hilario was in visible agony. He was blowing hard the breath and sweat was rolling from under his chin and down his neck. There was consternation among the Indians and jubilation among the Ladinos. Hilario spread his hands on the table, his fingers wide, and blinked at me and the tears flowed.

He managed to smile. "They are hot, sir."

"They are hot." I smiled too.

We had gone through the cayennes and I was hoping that the thing was over, and was willing, even anxious, to settle for a draw.

Hilario, though, took a deep gulp of beer and wiped his eyes and nodded to Nena. She hurried across the patio and came back with a little bowl, and in it were two little peppers. The Ladinos began jabbering excitedly and the Indians moved closer. Nena put the peppers on the table and I got a good look at them.

Amomum melegueta! I had never seen a whole one before. The spice trade calls them Guinea peppers. Such little nuggets launched armadas in the old days, sails from Spain and Portugal. Men died for those peppers as for gold and glory. They are the hottest things that grow and their seeds are praised as the grains of paradise.

HILARIO VILLAREAL studied me for my reaction, and then, after a few seconds, he said, "You have seen such before?"

"No. Only the seeds."

"They are the grains of paradise. I raise them."

"They are hot."

"You say. And I tell you, for I will be fair with you, I never before have eaten a whole one. At one time. Only the nibble."

"This will end it," I said.

"This will end it. I will wait two minutes for the sip."

"And I will wait two minutes for the bread."

We rested a spell, relaxing in an armistice, and I glanced over my shoulder to catch Tio's eye and to reassure him, but he was looking at Nena.

Hilario loosened his collar and pulled his shirt wide open and reached out and picked up one of the peppers. I took the other. We put them in our mouths at the same time and began chewing. The heat jolted me. The roof of my mouth corroded and the tissues inside my cheeks contracted like burning Cellophane. But I knew I was going to make it—I just knew it.

But Hilario was in contorted misery. His mouth was pinched and he was blowing hard, and then the sweat popped out of his forehead and the tears rolled out of his eyes. He was breathing deeply, like a man who had run a long race. I had him.

I heard the Ladinos muttering their boasts, their vaunts of triumph. I saw the Indians and the stricken looks on their faces. They had been beaten again. The mighty had crushed the humble. The meek must remain the downtrodden.

Then I did a crazy thing. I still don't know why, and don't ask me why. I had a minute to go and the heat inside me was wearing off. But I reached over and grabbed a tortilla.

The Ladinos yelled out their astonishment and spluttered their wrath. The Indians looked from one to the other, and they could not believe they had won. Hilario was staring at me, probing deep for an explanation. Then he snatched his bottle of beer and drained it and swished the beer around in his mouth and spat and spat.

The Ladinos turned on Tio and berated him, and he seemed not to mind at all, only looking down at me and across the room at Nena and at the Indians. Then the Ladinos stomped out and left much of their money behind and much of their pride.

"It was too hot," I said to Tio.

"But it was almost over and he was blowing hard the breath."

"I was burning up inside. Maybe

Guess What?

FOR many years the object on page 35 was believed to be a bone flute. Recent research in France has shown that it is in fact a hinge of the "revolving vertebrae" type. It is thought that it was used for the lids of chests in Roman times.

it didn't show, Chili, but I was burning up."

He said no more; only shrugged.

Hilario pushed back his chair. "There will be drinks. Beer for all and brandy for those who want it." He walked behind his counter and stood by Nena. "I will drink first, and to my daughter and to my daughter's man, Tio Felipe Ignacio de Fuestes. Only a good man is worthy of the friendship of such a man as Mr. Hoyle."

The Indians nodded their acceptance of the pronouncement and their approval of Tio. He walked from behind me and over to the counter and near Nena, and she raised her eyes from the floor and looked up at him and then down again.

He helped Hilario open the beer. Some of the Indians took brandy and we all drank, and then Hilario said, "And now to Mr. Hoyle, who is not a stranger among us. If there is a favour we can do, we do it."

It came to me then. I don't care what has been written or told before, it came to me for the first time, right then. Acid soil. Controlled moisture. A sheltered south slope and the grains of paradise. I had been offered a favour and I asked it: a few of the peppers to remember this day.

Hilario was glad to give them to me. He put the *Amomum melegueta* in a paper bag, and I stayed only long enough for another round of drinks, and then I hurried to the hotel and packed. A bus left at twilight and I was on it, heading home.

The first year I planted them in a hothouse and nursed them through. The green nuggets and their seeds of gold. Then I had enough seed for a patch, and then enough seed for several acres.

That's the way it started, and now I know of no place where you cannot buy my peppers or spices from the Hoyle Spice Company. I even ship peppers to Tabasco, even to Feliz. I have never been back there.

Sometimes it bothers me that I let the Ladinos down. We were talking about it just the other day, sitting around my swimming pool. I told this story, and we got to talking about whether I'd done right or wrong.

My wife said I'd done right because I'd got Tio and Nena together. Some of the others said I'd been downright noble because I'd sided with the Indians, who had been pushed around so much. A few said that my successful business was proof that I was right, that I was sharp, that I was clever.

However, three of my friends—the three I liked best—said that I had patronized the humble and had thrown down those who had trusted me. The least I could do, they said, was to go back to Feliz and give them a clinic or a cinema, or something.

And some day I might do it. I know that such gifts are not deductible, but all the same, I might do it. I just might. THE END

SEA-WYF AND BISCUIT

Continued from page 26

bird," Biscuit said. "Probably a seal—coming in to sleep on the rocks."

In silence we watched the leisurely departure of the day. Some hooded crows flapped slowly by, making for the woods behind the castle.

Bulldog went to the table and poured out a drink for me. We stood in the bay window, glasses in our hands.

"What a hell of an experience," I said, "to have to decide that one must kill a man! But it was his life or yours."

There was another silence, and then Bulldog said, "We did not kill him."

"You mean——?"

"Number Four is alive. He reached land."

"Were there any ships about?" I asked after a pause.

"We saw no signs of ships for a week after that."

"How far were you from land?"

"A thousand miles."

I had been staring at Bulldog. He knew what my expression meant.

"I'm not mad," he said. "By God, no! I'm sane as can be."

"But how can Number Four be alive?" I asked.

"How should I know? Picked up somehow, I suppose." Bulldog answered with sudden impatience. "What matters is that he is alive. That's why we have to prepare a statement at once."

"Can you explain a little?" I said. "How do you know he is alive?"

"Because I have received a letter from him."

"A letter! Can I see it?"

From his pocket-book Bulldog took a sheet of paper covered with pencil writing. It read as follows:

Bulldog!

You think you have got rid of me but I follow you very very soon. You tried before to drown me. No good. I will have justice. I follow you to your own country and when you rise in the high place to give judgment I will cry out, "That is the man who should be condemned. He tried murder me." So I will drag you down. I can show proof. Right from the San Felix. I can prove everything.

Biscuit will suffer also for his bad words and deeds. Only Sea-Wyf will I spare because she is for me and has told me beautiful things.

I sign myself with the name you gave me.

Number Four.

"It was posted in Mombasa on the eighteenth of last month," Bulldog said, taking the letter back. "So even if he travelled by tramp steamer he might arrive in this country at any moment."

"How did he know your address?" I asked.

"He once remarked that he knew everything about me," Bulldog said. "That is not true, of course. But as ship's purser he knew my name and

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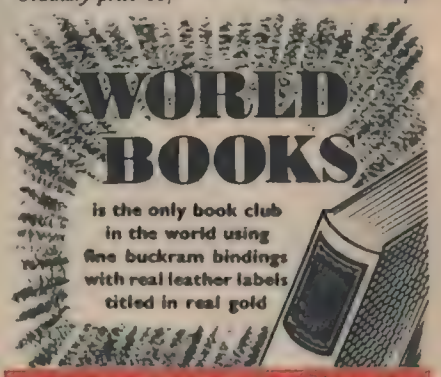

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"The letter was delivered to my chambers and was opened and forwarded by my clerk with other correspondence. He is a discreet fellow and only mentioned where and when this one had been franked and that he'd had to pay double postage. He can be trusted to keep his mouth shut. But I decided that it was my duty to warn Biscuit and Sea-Wyf that Number Four was alive and threatening us.

"In the strongest terms I requested their presence here for consultation and action. Biscuit responded at once, but—of course, I do not know if Sea-Wyf received my letter. I still hope that she may come, however. We need her signature."

As he spoke the last sentence he turned away from me and looked again out of the window.

"Number Four is remarkably vague about the difference between an advocate and a judge," he said to the sunset. "Just like the damned fool. Thought himself so well informed. . . . Mentally and educationally he was about fourteen years old. . . . I wonder what was in his mind about the San Felix. There were no other survivors. I've made inquiries. . . . Of course, there may be a passenger list in Singapore. . . . But he can't possibly have any case, so long as we all say the same thing."

He turned suddenly to the table and refilled his glass with whisky. Then rejoined us in the bay window. "Well, Scribe. You've got the story," he said almost jovially. "As I've told you, you can have all the facilities of my chambers for getting it typed, or you can use the machine here. Just as you wish. But in any case"—he glanced at his watch—"Callum cannot have returned yet from Portree. No hope of dinner for an hour or more. Would you like to read back your notes to us, just to—to save avoidable corrections later on?"

"Certainly," I said. The thought of getting to work was reassuring. "But could I just glance through them first? I took them down in a great hurry."

"Naturally," Bulldog answered. "Where would you like to sit?"

"Over there would do. May I turn on the light?"

Bulldog went to the door and flicked down the switch. Nothing happened.

"Damn and blast!" he shouted in a violent, embarrassing burst of anger. "The confounded idiots have cut us off again."

"You have got candles," Biscuit said, looking at him curiously.

Bulldog controlled himself. "Yes—yes, I'm all too used to this." He went to a side table and lit some candles. I picked up a couple and took them to the second bay window, at the far end of the room. I placed one on each arm of the big leather chair and settled down with my notes on my knees.

I had intended to go right through the story, but what I found myself looking up was the conversation during which Number Four had said that he would never drown—that and the final scene when he had swum away, calling Sea-Wyf's name.

The two men were talking only occasionally, and in low tones. I heard Bulldog ask Biscuit if he could still see the seal, and Biscuit answer that he could not, that it must have come ashore.

A cork was drawn. Biscuit refused another drink, but I heard the hiss of soda as one glass was filled. After that there was no sound for ten minutes or more.

Then there was a knock on the door.

It was an innocent enough sound but I started violently. I saw that the other two men had swung round to face the door.

The knock was repeated.

"Come in, whoever you are," Bulldog shouted.

The door opened. Against the almost dark background of the anteroom stood a black figure with a glimmer of white about the face. Biscuit and Bulldog sprang forward. They stopped two or three yards short of the figure, and I saw that it was a nun.

The two men stood staring.

"Sea-Wyf!" Biscuit said.

He took another rapid step towards her, then halted. His features were illuminated by his own candle and I saw an amalgam of strong feelings on his face.

But Sea-Wyf was as undramatic and natural as could be. I had pictured her like that from what I had been told, but she was better than I had imagined. She stood with her hands folded, a graceful, peaceful figure in her long gown. As she answered Biscuit's questions I watched her face. It was extraordinarily mobile and sensitive. I noticed that more than the features. She smiled as she described her journey from London with another nun as companion, and Callum's shocked amazement when they approached the car. He had muttered strange words when she told him that his employer knew her as Sea-Wyf.

Callum's employer at that moment was slumped in a chair reviving his nerves with whisky, but Sea-Wyf was entirely unperturbed.

On the San Felix, she said, she had been returning with other nuns from their medical mission, and all except herself had been lost. In the float, on the island and the raft, she had concealed that she was a nun because, however well she behaved, it would have been a grave embarrassment for her Order if it were known that one of its sisters had spent fourteen weeks with three men.

That was why she had been so disturbed when she had recognized the words "holy woman" in Number Four's outburst to the submarine commander. He had been saying, she believed, that she was an exceedingly saintly person (which, alas, she was not) and that the Japanese would be cursed for ever if they did not make some offering. That was the hold which Number Four had had over her, his knowledge that she was a nun. But he had faithfully obeyed the command which she had given to him when they were swimming together.

She had seen it as her duty to try to maintain peace between them to the end. Only by her final loss of faith and courage had she failed. She had suffered bitterly for that.

Biscuit asked how, being a nun, she had seen his announcements in *The Daily Telegraph*. She said that she worked as a nurse and had overheard her patients talking about them.

The appeals had violently disturbed her in her quiet life, so much so that she had taken it upon herself to answer them and even to go to the market where she had seen Biscuit and Bulldog.

"But fortunately nobody notices the face of a nun," she said.

Most disturbing of all had been Bulldog's letter. She had felt that she must take it to the Mother Superior and her Confessor, telling everything. And they, good and generous, had not only forgiven her, but had allowed her to travel north, with Sister Mary as companion, to help wartime companions who seemed to be in grave distress.

Sea-Wyf had left Sister Mary downstairs with Callum and his wife, and since she was of a nervous temperament she did not want to leave her long.

Bulldog scrambled to his feet. "This is all very well," he said—and I knew by his voice that he was drunk at last. "But I called you two here to prepare a story that would stop Number Four making trouble—not that he could really do anything. We've dictated the story already. We shall need your signature, however."

"What makes you frightened?" Sea-Wyf asked.

"Frightened? I'm not frightened."

"You are frightened. Why?"

He stared at her, swaying a little.

"That letter of his," he said.

"What letter?"

"I've had a threatening letter from Number Four. That's why I wrote to you."

"May I see the letter, please?"

He took it from his pocket-book and

handed it to her. She held it to the candles, and studied it carefully while the two men beside her remained with their eyes intently on her face. She seemed deeply puzzled. She read it and re-read it. She repeated one or two of the phrases aloud, though to herself.

"*You tried before to drown me. . . . Only Sea-Wyf will I spare because she is for me and has told me beautiful things.*"

She looked up for a moment, with a flicker of understanding in her eyes and then began to study the letter again with a fresh intentness, the envelope and the paper. All the time the puzzled look was going from her face. It was replaced by one of sorrow.

"Poor Number Four," she said at last. "How hurt he was. But this shows he really did mean it when he said that he would only use legal means——"

"Legal!" Bulldog snorted. "He means to make trouble."

"He will not make trouble."

"You were always saying that, and he made all the trouble he could. If it were not for me who had the courage of my convictions we would all be dead."

"Number Four is dead," Sea-Wyf answered.

"Are you still trying to get the better of me? Do you think I am a fool?" Bulldog shouted.

Sea-Wyf made the very slightest movement with her shoulders.

"Could he swim to Africa through an ocean full of sharks?" she said.

"But that letter. It was posted less than a month ago."

"I do not think you are right. I believe it was posted when we were on the island."

"What do you mean?"

Instead of answering she turned to Biscuit and asked, "That iron box on the island—could it have been meant for letters?"

"Why, yes," he said. "Yes, I suppose it was."

"Then that is where he posted it," she said.

Biscuit looked at her, his face blank.

"But how could he have written it?"

"I could not imagine at first. But you remember when we found him with the knife he had a pencil stub—so proud that he could sharpen it. And about that time—I forget exactly when —I found that the fly leaf had been torn out of the Japanese book——"

"An envelope was in the book," Biscuit said thoughtfully, "with that message——"

"Which you translated, 'With love from Aunt Fanny.' Poor Number Four was very offended by the way he was treated on the island, when he could not get about. He told me that. And he had seen Bulldog try to hoist the sail when he swam back so bravely for the paddle. Of course, I do not know when he wrote the letter, but——"

"It fits in," Biscuit said slowly. "Some ships have been round collecting turtles and copra and letters. That's the way the mail works in those lonely, timeless islands."

She nodded.

"Yes, it must have happened like that."

Bulldog had listened closely.

"If all that is true, Number Four could be dead after all," he said.

Sea-Wyf turned to him.

"Of course he is dead, poor man. But I trust his soul is in heaven. I spoke to him much about the true God while we were on the island—those were the beautiful things he mentioned in the letter—and he said that he believed."

Bulldog gave a great shout.

"Ten to one it was collected by a black fellow who couldn't read. So there's nothing to worry about. Come on, let's celebrate!"

"Number Four is dead and everything is all right," Sea-Wyf said. Her hands were still clasped in front of her but she seemed to hold a scourge of cords. "We killed him, we three—I since I lost my faith in him and was afraid, because once on the island he had frightened me very much; Biscuit because he did nothing; you because you feared him most of all and planned his murder. You—God have mercy on you—also bore false witness. You drank the water—I saw you do it. You offered your ration to Biscuit and me, silently accusing him. Number Four was the one entirely honest person on the raft, and we must celebrate because he is dead, because I have convinced you that we killed him. Do you still doubt that I am right? What have I done penance for during these twelve years?"

She had spoken all this very quietly, not at all bitterly and the effect was stronger as a result. She stood waiting for a response. There was none.

"In his letter Number Four called for justice," she went on. "Poor, nameless, raceless man, what could he achieve if he were alive? But, as I stand here, I believe that he will find justice in the Courts of Heaven!"

That small, black-clothed figure with the quiet voice was the most powerful and moving thing that I have ever seen.

"She is right," Biscuit exclaimed excitedly. "Absolutely right. If she has done penance, what about you and me, Bulldog? Let us scrap that biased nonsense and tell the whole truth to the world. Let's get it off our chests at last!"

Bulldog looked at him with small and cunning eyes.

"You two always took sides against me," he said. "But I am not going to throw away all that I have built in a lifetime of hard work. You will sign what I tell you and keep your mouths shut. Twice you prevented me from neutralizing Number Four. But not now."

"It is not the dead man you need fear," Sea-Wyf said.

"Dead! That was a neat story you cooked up between you. It almost convinced me at first. You want to give Number Four the time he needs. But do you think I can't see through it? Do you think I'm mad?"

"Yes," Biscuit said. "I saw it coming on the raft."

Bulldog suddenly laughed. It was a startling sound.

"That's where you are wrong," he said, wagging a finger. "I have seen both of you going mad for a long time —you trying to drown yourself and you muttering to yourself half the day. But I am absolutely sane. I realized why you were in such a hurry for us to get into the float—so that he could climb back on to the raft. Well, he is not coming here. I've got the courage of my convictions."

Bulldog strode to the window and stared out into the night. He pressed his two hands against his head.

Sea-Wyf whispered to Biscuit.

Bulldog swung round.

"Stop plotting together! And

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don't argue with me. Do as I say, or I'll—— Neither of you leaves this room until you sign what I tell you."

He went to the table and began to pour himself a drink.

But in the act of doing this he froze. We all started and then became quite still. From far below someone had called out "Sea-Wyf." The voice was blurred and indistinct with distance but there was no doubt about the name.

For a full minute we all remained listening intently. . . . But there was only the soft sad whisper of the waves.

Then we heard another sound—a slow and heavy step mounting the stone step. It came up to us through the open window, loudest when the step was on the outer side of the spiral, then fading, then loud again.

Bulldog was facing the door with the bottle still in his hand, and in that moment I felt him standing on the raft, stick in hand, waiting for Number Four to surface.

The slow steps continued to spiral upwards until they reached the carpeted anteroom.

Then there was a moment of complete silence.

"Here he comes, but he shall not——"

The bottle smashed down upon the table edge and Bulldog stood grasping the upper half with the jagged daggers of glass projecting from it.

The door swung open. In the dark threshhold where we had seen Sea-Wyf appear there was outlined the figure of a big man.

Bulldog rushed forward. Callum—for it was Callum—reacted with surprising speed and efficiency. He dropped the tray he was carrying, parried the blow and caught the wrist. But he could do little more until Biscuit and I joined him. At last, with sheets from the nearest bedroom we had Bulldog trussed up like a mummy.

"It's a damnation shame," Callum muttered. "The Nathams are the finest family in the world, but they all end the same way."

On his knees beside his master he surveyed us angrily.

"Why did ye no call me before? Surely ye saw it coming."

We did not answer.

"I called because the other papish lass is waiting ye—but ye would not hear. . . . It's just by chance I came when I did. But if ye had called me in time I could have handled him."

He bent over the prostrate figure, then suddenly raised his arms and in a harsh and trembling voice demanded, "What have ye done to him, ye daft crazy people? Who are ye? What was it all about?"

Shortly after this the electric lights came on. We stood blinking at each other.

THE END

"Sea-Wyf And Biscuit," by J. M. Scott, will be published in the autumn by William Heinemann

FORGOTTEN KINGDOM

Continued from page 11

abroad. Orders for knitted woollen goods were pouring in from Kunming, Lhasa and even Chungking. Likiang had now become a great centre of the wool industry in Yunnan.

Another success was my leather-tanning and shoe-making society. It was made up of youngsters, and I got them a catalogue of American shoes. They constructed perfect copies of what was then being worn on Fifth Avenue or Bond Street, at about a twentieth of the price. Orders poured in and soon the men in town, and many of the villagers as well, had to have elegant black and brown shoes; they also ordered equally elegant European-style trousers to wear with them. The result was a complete sartorial change in Likiang.

The formation of co-operatives by the members of rich local families was not permitted. They already had plenty of money of their own. Why should they get at a low interest the loan which was intended for the really poor?

I was not a great favourite with these avaricious merchant families, who were without any pride. No matter how many times I snubbed their attempts to exploit the co-operative movement — always, of course, with the greatest politeness and decorum, as befits a Chinese official—they came back again and again, trying some other trick.

ONE day I was approached by an important man who styled himself a general in retirement. He had an elegant house by the Likiang river. He said that he had heard much about my "sublime and incomparable" work. He earnestly desired to assist me to extend it. Some of his friends wanted to form an oil-pressing co-operative society. What they needed was a small loan to start it.

As a refusal was according to all the rules of etiquette impossible, I had to agree. He informed me that the prospective members would wait for me at his house the next day at noon. I cordially assured him that I would be enchanted to attend this auspicious meeting.

I went with my trusted assistant, Wuhsien, at the appointed time. On our arrival I was annoyed by the sight of the food and wine prepared, as I had requested beforehand that no entertainment should be offered me during business conversations. Eight old men, all very well dressed, sat round the room smoking their long pipes. They were refined and fragile-looking, with long, stained fingernails.

"I have never seen a better collection of old opium smokers," I whispered to Wuhsien. I bowed and they rose and bowed. I had to take a sip of wine and a cake. Then we got down to business. In refined accents and high-flown phrases the elders officially told me that they proposed to form an oil-pressing co-operative society at a village near Likiang. The presses and raw materials were already there. The only thing lacking to start operations was money. They thought that 40,000 Chinese silver dollars (about £2,500) would be a very modest sum to ask for as a loan.

I looked round once more and composed myself. "Do you mean to say, gentlemen, that you yourselves are prepared to press the oil?" I asked dubiously.

They were terribly offended, and shook with indignation. "The very idea of it, sir!" exclaimed their spokesman. "Of course not. We have enough workmen to do that for us."

I made a very long pause, slowly sipping my wine. Then I spoke quietly and with infinite politeness. "Gentlemen, the idea of this worthy co-operative society is beyond praise." Again I paused, and then continued. "I am rather worried, however, about the amount you require. We never recommend to the bank to grant large loans without referring the matter to our headquarters in Chungking."

They listened respectfully.

"I will report the matter to headquarters at once. As soon as I have a reply I shall be glad to inform you," I said, bowing. We walked slowly out of the room.

Of course I never bothered Chungking with such matters. But that was one of the correct ways of saying "No." I do not think these elders really expected any reply. They knew that I saw through their game, but there was no harm in trying. I do not think they were even angry with me: it was a legitimate gamble, a trial of wits. They had lost the first round, but hoped they might win the next.

AS head clerk in my office I engaged a local man—the cousin of the King of Mu. The king himself, whom I met occasionally, was a sorry-looking man, pale and dull and considered a nincompoop. The royal family was well on the road to degeneration. Their palace was used as a school and they themselves had taken to elegant Chinese vices. Their vast estates had gone and they had had to sell their treasures to satisfy their craving for opium. It was even said that some of the princes had sold their furniture and their wives' wedding dresses.

My head clerk stayed with me until I left Likiang. What a smoker he was! Opium was his life and he was ready to do anything to get it. His wife used to come secretly to me to collect what salary remained at the end of the week, and complained that she and the children were starving. Sometimes Prince Mu was absent for days, and he never appeared at the office before the afternoon.

Yet I could not dismiss him; I tried to, but found that he was indispensible. His presentation of the accounts and his reports in Chinese for my head office were perfect, for he was a brilliant writer of Chinese documents and knew all the official usages.

When he arrived in the afternoon after his long morning smoke, Prince Mu would plunge enthusiastically into work. There was no problem that he could not solve. He was an expert on Chinese history, and a brilliant conversationalist. He was polished, urbane and charming, yet he lost all decency when the craving came on him.

THE chief people of Likiang, the Nakhi, were an ancient tribe, not Chinese but of Burmo-Tibetan stock. They were a race who were ruled by their womenfolk. There was not one woman or girl in Likiang who was idle—they were all in business from morning to night.

The shops were run, with very few exceptions, by women. They knew exactly what you wanted, where to find it, and what last-ditch discount could be granted after vociferous haggling. They were shrewd and aggressive and knew how to clinch a bargain. When the woman had to go away, she asked

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her husband to take over—he was usually to be found at the back of the shop rocking a child in its cradle.

Nakhi women may not sit in the presence of men or eat with them. Also, women never sleep in the upper rooms or remain there long. They are considered traditionally unclean creatures and it is not right for them to walk above men's heads. Continuous manual work was always the women's lot.

They did not revolt; they did not even protest. Instead, silently and persistently, like the roots of growing trees, they evolved into a powerful race until they utterly enslaved their men. They learned all the intricacies of commerce and became merchants, land and exchange brokers, shopkeepers and traders.

They encouraged their men to loaf, lounge and to look after the babies. Then they reaped the harvest of their enterprise, and their husbands and sons had to beg them for money, even if only a few pennies to buy cigarettes.

It was the women who started courting men and held them fast by the power of their money. It was the girls who gave their lovers presents of clothes and cigarettes and paid for their drinks and meals. Nothing could be obtained in Likiang without women's intervention.

Because of their many tasks and the heavy loads of merchandise they transported on their backs from house to shop or from one market to another, the Likiang women developed superior physical characteristics. They became tall and husky, with great bosoms and strong arms. They were self-assured and assertive, the brains of the family and the foundation of prosperity in the household.

To marry a Nakhi woman was to acquire a life insurance and the opportunity to be idle for the rest of one's days. Therefore the market value of a Nakhi bride was very high, and as the Nakhi men outnumbered women by five to four, a man was lucky to find a wife at all.

A single woman of almost any age would do; there were youngsters of eighteen married to women of thirty-five. What did it matter? The boy was secure for life. She was his wife and mother and, moreover, she kept him in clover. What more could a man want?

Women ran the self-styled "exclusive bars" that lined Likiang's High Street. In fact they were neither bars nor exclusive. They were general stores where, in addition to salt, vegetables and haberdashery, wine was kept for sale. The woman owner acted as broker, postmistress and confidante for her established clients.

I humbly attached myself to three wine shops. One was Madame Lee's in the smartest section of the High Street, another was Madame Yang's in the market place, and the third belonged to Madame Ho in the Tibetan quarter near the Double Stone Bridge.

My debt to these clever and charming women is very great. The success of my work was largely due to the sensible advice and infallible information they gave me.

Everything Madame Lee made was first-class, clean and tasty. Although her shop opened at nine or ten in the morning, she was too busy to appear until later. The shop remained unattended and anyone could come in, help himself to whatever he needed and leave the money on the inner counter. This was true of the other shops in Likiang.

Sooner or later, everybody who attended the market had to pass through the High Street once or twice. Old friends could be seen and invited for a drink or new acquaintances made. Any stranger could be waved in and asked to share a pot of wine without any introduction, and I was sometimes stopped in the street by total strangers and offered a drink.

No such liberties were allowed to women, but now and then one of them who knew me well would slap me on the shoulder and say: "Come, let us have a drink," but she would have to take hers standing up to avoid a local scandal.

Compared with Madame Lee's, Madame Yang's bar was definitely of a lower order. It was not a shop at all, but rather a small space in the arched gateway of a new house that was being built. It was near a small stone bridge which crossed the upper canal.

Madame Yang specialized in trading with the most primitive tribes who lived in far mountain villages.

She was very kind and had not the heart to haggle too much with the semi-naked, shivering little men and women who came from some far-off place, with their meagre stock-in-trade, hardly known even by name to the local people.

I liked Madame Yang's bar more than any other wine shop in Likiang because here I was in the very midst of the drama of the helpless and declining tribes and could, perhaps, help a little in an unobtrusive way.

The stone slabs of the market-place and the blocks of the High Street had been worn down and polished by centuries of walking. Tibetans, in their top-boots with soft soles of uncured leather, walked like cows on ice. If a man tried to walk fast, he landed on the ground with his feet high in the air. The whole market shook with laughter and applause at such a misadventure.

But not all the incidents were comical. Going to buy a box of matches once from Madame Yang's neighbour, I saw in the corner of the shop what I thought was a Tibetan from some remote country, perhaps Hsiangchen.

The man cowered and shivered, looking at me with terrified eyes. Some girls shouted a warning. As I leaned over the counter to take the matches, he gave a piercing yell and sprang at me with a dagger. It was due to the lightning action of the girls, who grabbed him, that I was not seriously stabbed. He had never seen a European in his life and thought I was the incarnation of a malignant spirit.

After six o'clock the market gradually emptied, and at seven the shops put up their shutters. It was only after eight in the evening that the High Street began to fill up with people again and the shops reopened. On bright moonlit nights the street was jammed. Unmarried girls in their best dresses and adornments walked arm in arm in rows of four or five, just wide enough to block the street. In this way they charged up and down, giggling, singing and cracking sunflower seeds.

An unwary young man was soon engulfed by these Amazons. The more sophisticated boys lined the walls and doors of the shops and made comments on the marching beauties. From time to time a group of girls paused before one of them, there was a scuffle, a brief and ineffectual struggle, and off he was led, imprisoned in the ring of giggling and screaming furies. The destination of these prisoners was the park where dancing continued till midnight.

Down in the Tibetan quarter was Madame Ho's bar, high-class and exclusive in the sense that she catered mostly for the Tibetan trade. Madame Ho was a plump and motherly middle-aged woman, full of gaiety and risqué jokes.

The best time to go to her bar was after dinner. Then it was crowded with the Tibetan merchants who stayed at her house. She always introduced me to them. These were very pleasant encounters and we talked late into the night. Obsequious Tibetan servants appeared from time to time bringing delicacies to go with the wine.

Once there appeared a lama from Tongwa, with a big caravan and many servants. He was as gross as he was powerful and was, in addition, a great flirt. He scandalized even easy-going Likiang, and the young girls scattered, screaming and laughing in mock fear, when he tried to charge into their groups in the park.

He even made eyes at Madame Ho, while drinking wine with me, and this reduced her to loud laughter. I teased her afterwards. "Why don't you marry him? You would be an abbess," I suggested.

"Why don't you marry Madame Lee?" she retorted.

Likiang had no hospital. There was a French-trained doctor who was a pleasant, polite man, and we became friends. His younger brother was an army officer and a bandit.

Once this brother invited me to an official dinner at his home. He toasted me and offered me a cup which I emptied. I remembered no more. It was only late next afternoon that I regained consciousness. I felt as though I was dying, and was in bed for three days.

Since there were no secrets in town that were not known sooner or later, I learned that the wretch had put chloroform into my wine for a joke. I was fortunate to have recovered at all, and I never went to that house again.

As the local doctor did not care for the villagers' patronage, the poor people had nowhere to go for medical attention except to some quack medicine shop. Having qualified as a doctor's assistant myself, I obtained from the American Red Cross in Kunming a small supply of drugs and medicines; my private office upstairs also became my clinic.

I made it known far and wide that I was ready to treat all simple and easily recognizable afflictions and diseases, but nothing complicated or requiring surgery. The treatment would be entirely free of charge.

After a few days several women came with children. Some had eye diseases. They were all treated and supplied with medicine. In a week's time the market place was shaken with stories of miraculous cures. My reputation was made and soon patients were coming to me from early morning till nightfall, on an average about fifty a day with no regard for hours or holidays.

Most of them were poor village women afflicted with eye troubles of

It's The Custom . . . in WIDECOMBE

Uncle Tom Cobley (Jan Brown) rides to the Fair on a grey mare

Uncle Tom Cobley—and all that

A few years ago, Jean Nosworthy surprised the organizers of Widecombe Fair by entering for the Uncle Tom Cobley Cross-Country Cup. No one could remember a woman competing.

The race is run from the top mile-long one-in-seven descent, across the dry-stone walls of Dartmoor, through a bog and across a stream. Every year, competitors finish drenched, and covered in blood where the brambles have scratched and torn them.

Jean Nosworthy, who belongs to one of the few remaining old Widecombe families, was the fourth to cross the finishing line in the Fair field.

The essence of Widecombe Fair is the famous ballad "Uncle Tom Cobley," which begins: "Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare." But some authorities say that the fair dates back only to 1850, which was fifty-six years after one Thomas Cobley died at the age of ninety-six and was buried at Spreyton, about fourteen miles away across the Moor.

Most of the seven hundred people who live in Widecombe—they are preparing to welcome thousands of visitors to the fair next Tuesday—disagree with these experts. They claim that Widecombe Fair, originally a sheep fair, began early in the eighteenth century. Nowadays there are horse and sheep shows and sporting events.

One of the men responsible for creating the modern fair is Fred Gough, the village thatcher. In 1926, Fred was a member of the Widecombe tug-o'-war team that won the Devon Cup.

"We weren't so big," says Fred, "but we were all Widecombe men. We would rather have died than be beaten. Every man in the team was ill in bed afterwards, and not one ever tugged again."

In Fred's day, men had to prove their strength under the sycamore tree on the green before they could join the team. A spring balance was placed near the signpost, and every man had to pull it to a pressure of three hundred pounds and hold it steady for a minute.

Uncle Tom Cobley still comes to Widecombe Fair. Jan Brown has played the part for the past few years. He rides Farmer Hicks's grey mare Tidy, carries an old firkin and wears a farm smock, top hat and beard.

Until he died a few years ago, Ned Dunn used to play Uncle Tom Cobley, from whom he claimed descent. Jan Brown remembers the time Ned fell from his horse on the green.

"It doesn't matter," said the old man, picking himself up. "I was getting off anyway."

BAKE A SUNFLOWER WITH THE 'GOLDEN TOUCH'!

AND MAKE 3 EXTRA TREATS ALL IN ONE EASY BATCH-BAKING!

Here's a real autumn batch for you to make with Cookeen.

First, a big gold and chocolate Sunflower Pie. It looks so special, tastes so good. Then a batch of juicy, fruity Red Apple Baskets; and some crunchy Leaf Biscuits. Finally, some tasty, savoury Hot Dog Toasties.

How's that for one batch-bake?

HOT DOG TOASTIES

8 slices of fresh bread · 8 (approx. 1 lb.) sausages
3 oz. Cookeen · French Mustard

Fry the sausages in 2 oz. Cookeen. Brush both sides of bread with remainder of melted Cookeen. Spread with French Mustard. Place each sausage cornerwise on bread securing opposite corners with crossed wooden cocktail sticks. Place on a baking tray. Bake according to chart. For serving, the wooden sticks may be replaced by coloured ones.

RED APPLE BASKETS

12 oz. plain flour · 6 oz. Cookeen · 3 tablespoons water } *For pastry (Quarter for Sunflower Pie)*

Pinch salt · 8 medium-sized apples · 5 oz. sugar · Few drops cochineal · Quarter pint water · 1 small stick cinnamon

Make short pastry (for method see Cookeen wrapper). Make a syrup by mixing and bringing to the boil the sugar and water. Add cinnamon. Simmer apples in syrup until nearly tender, turning once. Remove apples, and add few drops cochineal to syrup. Roll out eight 6-inch circles from three-quarters of the pastry. Place an apple on each circle, bring pastry up into four pleats, fasten each with a wooden cocktail stick. Brush pastry with milk. Bake according to chart. Remove sticks, glaze tops of apples with a little syrup and serve the remainder separately.

LEAF BISCUITS

8 oz. plain flour · 4 oz. Cookeen · 4 oz. castor sugar
2 eggs

Cream Cookeen and sugar until fluffy. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Stir in sieved flour. Roll out thinly on lightly floured board. Draw a leaf approximately 3 inches long by 1 inch wide on paper and cut out. Cut biscuit "leaves" from this pattern. Place on baking tray. Bake according to chart. When cold, ice just over half the quantity with pale green glacé icing (4 heaped tablespoons sieved icing sugar, 3 teaspoons water and green colouring). Pipe veins in darker green. Keep remainder of biscuits for Sunflower.

SUNFLOWER PIE

Short pastry (see above) · Three-quarters pint chocolate blancmange · Quarter oz. chopped nuts

Line an ovenproof glass plate with the pastry. Prick bottom of pastry, line with greaseproof paper and fill with baking beans. Bake according to chart, removing paper and beans after 10 minutes. Make chocolate blancmange. When cool, pour into centre of pastry. Arrange biscuits round the edge to form "petals". Sprinkle with chopped nuts.

BAKING CHART *Oven set at 400° F. or Regulo 6*

HOT DOG TOASTIES SECOND SHELF POSITION FROM TOP. 20-25 MINUTES.

SUNFLOWER PIE BASE SECOND SHELF POSITION FROM TOP. 25-30 MINUTES

RED APPLE BASKETS THIRD SHELF POSITION FROM TOP. 15-20 MINUTES.

SUNFLOWER PETALS · LEAF BISCUITS SECOND SHELF POSITION FROM BOTTOM. 20-25 MINUTES.

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all sorts, caused by dirt and acrid wood smoke. After a certain amount of treatment, however, they began to complain.

"It is true," they said, "that our eyes are much better, but this medicine you put in does not seem to be good, for we do not even feel it. A really good medicine must be strong and painful—then we know that we really are being cured."

I used mostly Argyrol, which was very effective in these cases, but painless. To appease my clientèle, I mixed some Chinosol with the Argyrol. Chinosol also may be used as an eye medicine, but it hurts terribly for a few minutes.

When they came next time, I put this desirable medicine into their eyes. They collapsed on the floor in agony.

I awaited their reactions with some trepidation. Wiping their streaming eyes on their aprons, they exclaimed: "How peppery! How good!"

They were absolutely delighted—it was a wonderful experience, they said. And then they came in droves, bringing their friends and asking for the same medicine. In long rows they sat in the courtyard and fell, as if struck by lightning, as soon as I had administered the eye drops. Afterwards they laughed and chattered in their delight.

SITTING in my office upstairs one morning, I heard the tinkling of a bell and hurried to the window to see who was coming.

Outside, seated in a silver saddle on a magnificent black mule, led by a soldier in black woollen cloak and carrying a gun, was a pretty young woman in a dark blue, pleated skirt and red jacket, wearing an enormous cartwheel turban of scarlet silk. Two women ran behind her. To my surprise the mule stopped at our gate and the soldier entered. I went down just in time to meet the girl as she crossed the threshold. She smiled at me.

"I am the Queen Awouchin of Lotien. I always wanted to see your house," she said in a silvery voice.

She was petite, extremely pretty and vivacious. I bowed and showed her upstairs. She ran up, accompanied by the two ladies-in-waiting and the soldier. She went straight to my desk and seated herself in the chair. The bare-footed women sat on the floor with the soldier.

Cups were brought by my servant and I produced a jar of best wine. The Queen drank her wine very quickly and I poured more. She pressed me to keep her company and gave a cup to the soldier herself, explaining that he was really her knight-at-arms. The two ladies-in-waiting drank greedily. We became merry.

Very soon we began asking each other personal questions. I told her about myself, my work and how old I was. She said that she was only eighteen and had just divorced her sixth husband. She had come to Likiang for shopping and to look up some relatives who lived near by.

At last she got up and went to my gramophone. "Can you play some dance music?" she said.

I put on a slow foxtrot. "Can you dance?" she asked me again. I said that I could.

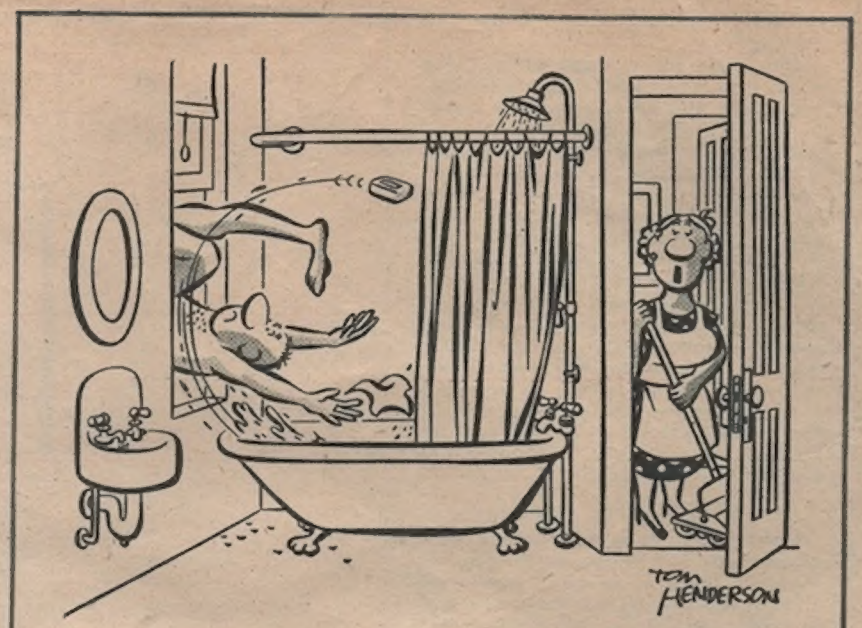
I do not remember how long we danced, probably it was for more than an hour. Like all the Tibetans and Nakhi who come from remote mountain regions, she was a wonderful dancer. Not once did she miss a step or movement. The music and dances of the people along the Yangtze River are essentially Western in rhythm and execution. She particularly enjoyed my boogie-woogie records and we jitterbugged until I was ready to collapse.

Finally she sat down and we had a few more cups of wine.

"You ought to come to Lotien," she said. "Perhaps we could get married."

NEXT WEEK: I brave the hospitality of the deadly Black Lolos

"Forgotten Kingdom," by Peter Goullart, will be published shortly by John Murray as a book at 18s.



"Look around, dear. I'm sure there's a bar of soap in there"

THE CHALLENGE OF THREE FLAGS

Continued from page 23

small dark wide-spreading carob trees dot the whole island—Cyprus carobs are considered the best in the world.

There were two circles of rough white stone, dumped in the grass beside the path. It is something one sees all over the village: the beginnings of a new house—of two new houses, for when a Cypriot farmer builds himself a home, he will often build a second one against the day when his daughter will need a dowry.

It was dinner-time. In twos and threes, the children came lolloping down the path on their way home to dinner. There was a neat school garden in a cleared patch just below the school. It was a mixed school—although this was something the villagers didn't like and considered highly improper. We went up the steps on to the long veranda along the front and looked into one of the empty classrooms. A map of Greece hung in the middle of the wall, with Cyprus, abolishing distance, conveniently dovetailed into one corner.

From the veranda one could look out over the rooftops of Ayios Amvrosios and the church tower and the orchards right down to the still blue sea. There were, my friends told me, two monasteries up there, one on each side of the village, one Armenian, the other Greek Orthodox. From the Greek Orthodox monastery, Melanerina, the villagers rented a good deal of land, paying £1,200 a year to the Bishop of Kyrenia. But this wealth of the church does not percolate down to its village priests. Papa Andreas, the priest of Ayios Amvrosios, had a stipend of only £90 a year. But like many Orthodox priests, he had a piece of land, and worked it himself.

We met Papa Andreas on our way back to the village, a robust white-bearded figure, with his black robe fluttering around him. He had, he told me, been to England not so long ago. He had a married daughter in the hotel business in Skegness, and he had been over on a visit.

I complimented him on the beauty of his village.

"Yes," he said. "That is why I came back. That is why I shall never leave Ayios Amvrosios."

And so, inevitably, we came to Enosis.

"We are not against the English people," said Papa Andreas. "We just want to be free. You see, at present, it is like a marriage in which the man and the woman do not love each other so that they fight all the time. It is better for all that such bonds should be severed."

I said something about the Turks in Cyprus. "Turkey," interrupted Michael Andreas, "is not a sure friend of Britain. Greece is a sure friend."

"Bravo!" cried the priest. "If Cyprus were to be invaded today, it is a question whom we should aid. But, once we are free, you may be sure that whenever the English ask us to fight, we will fight by your side."

When I asked my friends about politics in their village, I drew a blank. Enosis, yes—but that, of course, wasn't politics at all: naturally, everybody was for Enosis. But no party politics intruded upon the co-operative harmony of Ayios Amvrosios.

In this, however, they admitted, Ayios Amvrosios was exceptional. There were very many villages—and everyone knew them—where Right Wing (P.E.K.) clubs and Left Wing (E.A.K.) clubs feuded continually, dividing the village into contending factions, even splitting the co-operative societies in their struggle for power.

A Future Threat?

E.A.K. — the "Cyprus Farmers' Enosis" organization—is, in fact, one of the several fronts of Akel the Cyprus Communist Party. And Akel is something that needs to be carefully considered in any estimate of the shape of the future in this strategic island where Britain has chosen to place the "nerve-centre" of her Middle East defence.

Akel—the Progressive Party of the Cyprus Workers—claims only about four thousand registered members. But they are active members; they are, in accordance with the Communist method, a political élite. In fact, Akel commands the only fully organized and disciplined political party machine in the island. It has gained elected majorities on the municipal councils of three of the island's four principal towns. Through the Pan-Cyprian Federation of Labour it controls most of the trade unions. Its newspaper, *Neos Democratis*, has the second largest daily circulation in the island and is widely read all over it.

I talked to three of the chief leaders of Akel. They were men of widely different types; yet each in his way was typical of the party.

I met Ezekias Papaioannou, general secretary of the party in Akel's Nicosia headquarters. One was greeted, in the hall, by imposing prints of Lenin, seen against the Kremlin walls, and Stalin in his most fatherly pose. Above the stairs was a coloured picture of Chairman Mao, addressing the broad masses.

Papaioannou, a tallish, thinnish man with a nervous laugh, is the Communist intellectual, highly articulate, replete with theory, pouring out a steady flow of the approved sentiments on the subject of American Imperialism, "monarcho-fascism," and the struggle for "peace, bread and national freedom." A former schoolteacher, a "veteran" of the Spanish Civil War, he has spent a good deal of time in London working with the British Communist Party. He has done his prescribed stint on a soapbox in Hyde Park.

His mind ranged far beyond the parochialism of Enosis to the grand play of world political forces. He expounded the line on the subject of the British "atom base" on Cyprus, now a mainstay of Akel propaganda. "Britain," he said, "has become a colony of America. Therefore we shall be a colony of America's colony." And he laughed that quick, nervous laugh.

Andreas Ziartides, the trade union boss, is a very different man. He is the practical tactician, compact, solid, self-contained. He is a short, red-faced, "very human" sort of man, with thinning hair and a twinkle in his eye. The son of a former cook at Government House, he is reputed to be a first-class organizer. Employers who have negotiated with him as general secretary of the Pan-Cyprian Federation of Labour say he is a good man to deal with: he knows the limits of the possible.

Unions Built Clinic

Characteristically, Ziartides sent me along to look at the workers' polyclinic in Nicosia—one of several the unions have constructed and now run on a subscription basis, thus neatly forestalling the Administration which has been fumbling around with plans for social insurance for years. The clinic is in a fine modern building, excellently equipped and with a keen staff and seventeen doctors on tap. Extensions were in progress: an infant nursery on one side, an observation ward above.

The director explained that workers and employers pay equal weekly subscriptions—although the unions had to call several strikes before they got the employers into line. He proudly claimed that the charges were lower and the services better than those at a similar clinic run by one of the copper mining companies for its men.

In Cyprus, as elsewhere, the Communist-controlled Pan-Cyprian Federation has now been challenged by "new" trade unions, organized, initially at least, with the help of the Orthodox Church. But the Communists had a long start, and they have made some fine gains.

The Pan-Cyprian Federation claims 18,000 members against the "new" unions' three thousand odd, and it seems generally agreed that its chief organizer, a political journalist named Michael Pissas, lacks the sure professional touch of Ziartides. Nor is he greatly helped by the attitude of the American, Greek and British copper mining companies—among the biggest employers of labour on the island—who still refuse to tolerate trade unions in any form. To avoid victimization, men with union contacts have even been forced to work under false names.

Communist Mayor

My third Communist leader, Mayor Partassides, of Limassol, is well-to-do middle class. He drives a black Humber and could be a successful doctor or dentist: in fact, he is managing director of a spirit firm.

Sitting behind his big desk in the mayor's room—done in blue and white, the Greek national colours—in the Doric-pillared Town Hall, he complained, reasonably enough, of the lack of powers and inadequacy of funds which prevented him from effectively running the municipality. Then he whisked me off to have a look at his "slums."

These leaders of Akel are able and energetic men, practised organizers and politicians. It will be strange indeed if much more is not heard of them in the future. But for the present there is one political question in Cyprus and one only.

Some time ago the Akel leaders made the mistake of disregarding this fundamental. Hoping, of course, to gain power, they indicated that they might be willing to work a constitution. Their losses at the succeeding municipal election were so impressive that they immediately went into reverse and staged a party purge. Henceforth, none could outshout the Akel leaders

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PRACTICAL RESULTS

Student 171/162.—I have sold my story to **EVERYWOMAN** for 25 guineas. *Student* 1106/156.—The **B.B.C.** accepted the script for the Light Programme—fee 9 guineas—after my first lesson! *Student* 141/76.—The article which I wrote for the Second Test Paper appeared in the **SUNDAY MAIL**. Thanks for the recommendation. *Student* 2317/185.—I am pleased to say that my article for Lesson Two has been accepted by the magazine **TRAVEL**. *Student* 2003/1610.—The Course has already borne fruit, for I have sold an article to **PSYCHOLOGY** for 2 guineas. *Student* 1834/152.—. . . together with cheque, which I obtained from the **CHRISTIAN HERALD** for the article which I originally wrote for the Second Test Paper. *Student* 761/2812.—I have just sold my first story to **FAMILY STAR** for 4 guineas, and am I thrilled! *Student* 473/28.—I have had my first short story accepted by the Editor of **HOME REVIEW**. *Student* 1437/217.—. . . on your advice I sent my article with a covering letter to the **LIVERPOOL ECHO** and barely three weeks had elapsed before I had the pleasure of seeing it in print. *Student* 1328/2110.—**GLAMOUR** have paid me 7 guineas for a short story and the **B.B.C.** has accepted a fairy story, to be adapted for the Children's Hour. *Student* 984/227.—I also have to report the sale of a further fairy story to the Co-operative Press, for inclusion in their **SUNSHINE ANNUAL**, payment 2 guineas. *Student* 1518/69.—**MODERN WOMAN** have paid 5 guineas on acceptance of my article. *Student* 181/292.—You may be interested to hear that yesterday I had a letter from the Editor of the **ARGOSY**—they have offered me £25 guineas for my story. *Student* 2577/2015.—I have had my story accepted by **BLACKWOODS**, who are paying me £25 for it; also one or two others, at smaller rates of course, for service magazines. *Student* 120/28/8.—I have established contact with the Editor of **PUNCH**. The item was accepted for Charivaria and is a good start. *Student* 591/28/7.—I am sure you will be pleased to know that my article submitted for my Second Lesson was published in the **DAILY MIRROR** and I received 6 guineas for same. *Student* 848/129.—I hope you will be as pleased as I am that my article, submitted for Test Paper Two, has been sold, on your advice, to **MEN ONLY**. *Student* 1954/157.—I have just corrected a proof of my story for **WIDE WORLD**—they have since accepted another and I have sent in a third. *Student* 778/2119.—I thought it might interest you to know that **THE COUNTRYMAN** has accepted a short article of mine on an old country custom. *Student* 820/1310.—I had 7 guineas for my story, which appeared in **WOMAN'S COMPANION**; I also had an article published recently in **FARMER AND STOCK BREEDER**. *Student* 4135/7150.—I have sold an article to the **COVENTRY EVENING TELEGRAPH**—they are sending me a cheque for 5 guineas. *Student* 184/315.—As you suggested, I submitted the article to the **NEW STATESMAN**. One was published on July 17. *Student* 1404/6/5/49.—I am pleased to tell you that the article which I wrote for Test Paper Two and submitted on your recommendation, to **CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER**, was accepted. *Student* 868/226.—The magazine which accepted my story was **RED STAR WEEKLY**—they paid me 4 guineas. *Student* 1173/58.—The article has been accepted by **LONDON OPINION**, having earned 4 guineas. *Student* 1813/173.—My story was published in the June issue of **ARGOSY** and I have just had a letter from the Editor offering me 8 guineas for a second one. *Student* 187/43.—I have sold my first short story prepared for Lesson Eight, to **HOME NOTES** for 12 guineas. *Student* 1905/1387.—I have had an article, about 3,000 words, published by the **WEST SUSSEX GAZETTE**.

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in their demand for *"Enosis or nothing!"*

But if for the moment the red flag must give way before the blue-and-white flag, the situation will be transformed if Enosis is gained. The archbishop accuses the British of exaggerating the Communist danger. There are, he told me, no more than two hundred real dyed-in-the-wool Communists on the island. In this he is probably correct. But the Enosis agitation has inhibited normal political development on the island. The Communists alone are ready. And the Orthodox Church, their chief opposition, however excellently adapted it may be to flogging the nationalist issue, is an archaic and creaking structure incapable of meeting the social challenge. Its priests, for instance, are poorly educated and sometimes even illiterate.

Trek To The Towns

Communism, it is said, cannot gain ground in a predominantly peasant country. Perhaps it could not—were all Cyprus villages as fortunate and as well run as Ayios Amvrosios. But this is very far from being the case. The official figure for the average farm income per year is only £78. And there are many vine-growing villages in the mountains which are even worse off and where people are obliged to go down into the towns for some months each year to work for wages.

Already there are a few villages where the people are ninety per cent Akel supporters. They are exceptional, certainly; but they are, perhaps, not without significance. And, more and more, in Cyprus as elsewhere, farmers are leaving the meagre earnings and hard life on the land to try their luck in the towns. The boom brought by the development of the British Middle East headquarters has accelerated this flight from the villages.

And, in the booming, crowded towns lies Akel's strength. Less than a half of the island's total workers are unionized yet; but in four years the Pan-Cyprian Federation of Labour has grown by forty per cent.

With the Enosis question out of the way, it seems clear that, if only by default, the Communist leaders may gain political dominance in the island.

And here we come to a strange paradox. Though the Cyprus Communists fight for union with Greece, in Greece the Communist party is itself proscribed. Were they under Greek administration, Akel's leaders would be in jail or on the penal islands.

When I put this small point to Ziartides, he merely laughed. "Of course," he said, "we shall try to change the government of Greece. No—we shall never attempt to create civil war. But we shall link up with democratic forces in Greece. How? Oh, we shall find a way. . . ."

Confusion Ahead?

Since the present government of Greece—six hundred miles distant—is itself weak and unstable, it seems that the first results of Enosis might well be a great deal of political confusion.

It begins to look as if, in cleaving to their beloved Mother Greece, Cypriots would be well advised not to dispense with the services which Stepfather Britain—beloved or not—has to offer.

It is true that we found Cyprus a run-down and neglected island—and for some time we continued to neglect it. Until 1914, the island was only rented property, on lease from Turkey. And even when we took possession it remained, until just before the last war, a backwater, a fourth-rate colony to be run on the cheap. The legacy of that period is to be seen today in the chaotic development of the towns, in the lack of any proper sewerage system, in the continued non-recognition of trade unions by the mining employers and in a dozen other ways. In contrast with more fortunate British colonies, Cyprus still has a certain abandoned and uncared-for look.

But since the war there has been a great change. An enormous amount of leeway has been made up. The striking success achieved by the co-operative movement in villages like Ayios Amvrosios might indeed be taken as the sign and symbol of this awakening. Malaria—once the bane of island life—has been eradicated and the death rate is now one of the world's lowest.

"We're right out of orange flavour. How about vanilla?"

A £5 million electricity scheme is taking light and power all over Cyprus. Irrigation—the island's biggest need—has been going steadily ahead and in three and a half years from 1951 the area watered by boreholes and by channels was increased by fifty per cent. Piped water has been taken to three-quarters of the villages. Erosion—which has so greatly impoverished the island—has been arrested and the six hundred square miles of State forests are an acknowledged model for all the Middle East.

Yet you will have to look far in Cyprus today to find a Greek Cypriot willing to give us a ha'p'orth of credit for any of these things. On the contrary, every misfortune from a drought to a glut in the wine market is laid at the door of the British "oppressor." For the sad fact is—despite all the elaborate apparatus of radio, films, publications, information officers—there is little or no real communication between the Greek Cypriot population and its British administration. Outside the professional civil service, the only "collaborators" are a few wealthy landowners and mining magnates, which is in itself an accusation.

And yet what the Greek-speaking Cypriots demand of us is nothing material.

"Greek-speaking!" an otherwise very balanced young man protested to me. "They call us 'Greek-speaking'! What do they mean 'Greek-speaking Cypriots'? Of course we are Greek-speaking! We are Greeks!"

And there, very simply, is the root of all this trouble.

Very well. Let us admit they are Greeks. Let us do more. Let us proclaim it to the world. Let us strengthen, in every way, the island's links with Mother Greece.

It is, after all, very little more than we have done already.

English Overruled

When we took over the island in 1878, the High Commissioner was for basing its education on the English language. He was overruled by the prime minister, Mr. Gladstone, who felt a deep debt to Homer. So the island's education was in Greek; more, it was Greek education and so remains to this day. Dr. Sleight, the present director of education, told me that he had never and would never make any attempt at anglicization. "I don't believe it would be in the English character to do so," he said.

And yet, this is the interesting thing: despite the Enosis campaign—and school children are among its greatest zealots—and without any official pressure, there has been a steady and tremendous increase in the numbers of students electing to sit for the examinations of the London authorities. And, of course, there is a steady emigration from the island to Britain and the Commonwealth. In Ayios Amvrosios there were many other houses, besides Papa Andreas's, that had a relative in England.

Strengthen the island's links with Greece, certainly—but strengthen them with Britain, also.

Gladstone's Wish

In 1897—as Cypriots are ready to remind us—Mr. Gladstone returned again to the subject of Cyprus. He spoke of the "satisfaction I should feel, were it granted to me before the close of my long life, to see the population of that Hellenic island placed by a friendly arrangement in organic union with their brethren of the Kingdom of Greece."

The world has moved on since then. The romantic nationalism which so affected Mr. Gladstone—although it may still be, like measles, a stage to be gone through—is in the world of today as irrelevant and beside the point as the old Imperialism. Given the chance, this fact will in due time assert itself.

For life, these days, is lived on many levels. We are citizens of Greece and citizens of Britain certainly, but we are all also citizens of this atomic, electronic, synthetic, jet-propelled world. Moving on to this wider plane, and bearing in mind that little phrase Mr. Gladstone used sixty years ago—"a friendly arrangement"—it no longer seems quite so impossible that some sort of belated marriage might be arranged between Mother Greece and Stepfather Britain—with Turkey in the honourable positions of best man and godfather.

If the national flags which in Cyprus now fly in wretched isolation from the church, the mosque and the police station can somehow be brought together, this historic island in the Mediterranean can become an island of harmony and progress with a heartening message for the struggling nations so swiftly developing around it. If, on the other hand, the three nations close ranks around their separate flags, it can become an island of bitterness and defeat, a festering sore poisoning a Middle East not yet strong enough to resist such infection.

Which it is to be the coming weeks may well determine. THE END

In John Bull, September 24, Harry Hopkins continues his investigation, at the "Crossroads of the World," with a visit to Greece

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GRAND 3-in-1 FIRST PRIZE or £500 CASH

OTHER AWARDS: £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 100 "Bullets" Seasons, 500 "Ten-Shot" Prizes, 1,000 "Good Shot" Awards

Grand LUXURY FOOD BONUSES—see below

THIS WAY to PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,000

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Pioneer John
Way To The Stars
Man On Tiptoe
Promise Of Riches
Youth At The Helm
Flying Tomorrow
His Heart's In The Job, So
The Big Boys
Bury The Past And
With Us Again
The Hospital Team
Wave Of Speculation
A Landmark
Without Complaining
Living In Luxury
Hiding Her Blushes

Dad, The Martyr
Has A Story To Tell
Sentry At The Gates

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Television's .....
.....Too Soon
In Case Anyone.....
.....Of The Devil
Bundle Of.....
On The.....Of It

★Scrambled "Example"
NEEBAT
(2-Minute Teaser—rearrange letters to make extra one-word "Example")

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX ..... 6d.
B.

EX ..... 6d.
B.

EX ..... 6d.
B.

EX ..... 6d.
B.

LOBSTER, CHICKEN, PEACHES and CREAM

Grand ready-to-serve luxury food Bonus to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,005
Closing Postmark MONDAY, SEPT. 19

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Signed.....
Address.....
.....
Value.....
No.....

FREE BIRTHDAY "BULLETIN" WITH MONSTER OFFER

Complete this Label—it brings you free, post-free *Bulletin* on October 1 announcing huge Birthday Offer!

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

818

Chief Winners No. 2,000

FIRST PRIZE, Giant 12-in-1 Award—or £1,000: R. Barlow, 39 Milton Avenue, London, N.W.10:

In The Year 2000 Space-travellers' "White Cliffs"—Everest!

£50: H. H. Evans, c/o 137 Trinity Street, Huddersfield: THE ART OF GOVERNING—FAIR DO'S—FEW "DON'TS!"

£25: P. V. G. Dawson, Flat 1, Medway Barracks, Chatham: IS IT UP OR — COMING, *Civilization's* "FINEST HOUR"?

OTHER AWARDS: £10: W. A. Asbridge, 7 Wennington Road, Southport: THE STORM PASSED AND —"FORTIES" WEATHERED, "FIFTIES" BRIGHTENING! £9: H. C. Richardson, Park View, Kettering Road, Moulton, Northants: CURE FOR HEARTACHE—THE BARNADO-SCHWEITZER "FORMULA." £8: A. Egan, 65 Beechwood Terrace, Leeds: MAN WITHOUT A CHANCE—BUSY—ORGANIZING WARD SWEEPSTAKE! £7: E. Brown, 15 Bernard Street, Nottingham: IS IT DRAB OR —RESPLENDENT? KHAKI'S *Wearer* DECIDES! £6: C. Cleaver (Staff), 5 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1: IN THIS WORLD OF WELLSIAN—WONDERS, VILLAGERS USING *Wells*! £5: Mrs. M. S. Barker, 24 Broomfield Street, Eastbourne: TRANSPORTATION FOR LIFE—I'D GIVE *Some* MOTORISTS! £5: L. S. Tate, 28 Hardmans Road Whitefield, Manchester: CHILDREN TODAY—HEALTHY, WEALTHY—*Wise Guys*!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 30 Prizes of £1, 450 "Ten-Shots" and 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated October 8 and in JOHN BULL dated October 15), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 1, for early news of No. 2,005 result.)

POST BY MON., SEPTEMBER 19

"Bullets" 2,005, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Always the best man..

..never the groom!

Yes, poor old George is always the best man. And no wonder! Dry, brittle, scruffy hair—hair that's full of dandruff—it hardly makes an attractive picture. It's a pity no-one told him about Silvikrin Hair Dressing. Enriched with Pure Silvikrin, the hair's natural food, this discreetly perfumed lotion with oil feeds health into your hair; and health is the basis of good grooming. Buy a bottle today!

Silvikrin

HAIR DRESSING

(A Lotion with Oil)

2/6 a bottle—large economy size 4/4½

SHD.4

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39 New

It's the appetising taste of Guinness that goes so well with food

GLASSES POLISHED till they sparkle. The best china lovingly laid out. Her prettiest blouse, his smartest waistcoat. And Guinness, creamy tangy Guinness to set the party going with a swing.

Maybe you can remember when you and your friends preferred sweet drinks, even with savoury food. But your tastes have grown up since then. You want your party drinks to be *appetising*.

A 23,000 gallon 'pressure cooker'

Guinness — now *there's* an appetising taste if ever there was one. Bound to be, a natural brew like that. There's nothing in Guinness but barley, hops and yeast, and their natural goodness is allowed to speak for itself.

All three of 'em have a say in the taste—the barley twice over, because some of it's roasted. Hence that hint of nuttiness and the lovely rich colour. Hops give a clear, clean tang. They're boiled under pressure in huge coppers like pressure cookers, holding 23,000 gallons apiece. Even the yeast contributes to the special Guinness taste in some mysterious way.

So that's Guinness for you, natural through and through. It just can't help going well with good food, can it?

G.E.2489